Pipes

AND TOBACCOS

Spring 1997

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PETERSON OF DUBLIN

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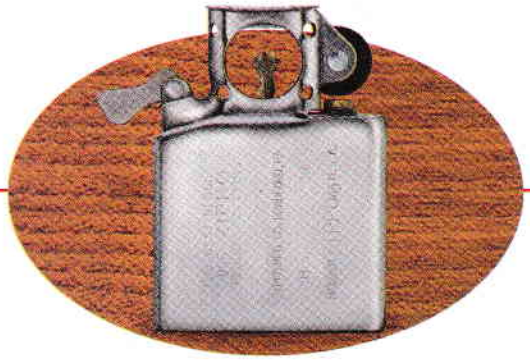

The beauty of the Zippo pipe chimney is how well it works, not how good it looks.

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Brush Chrome

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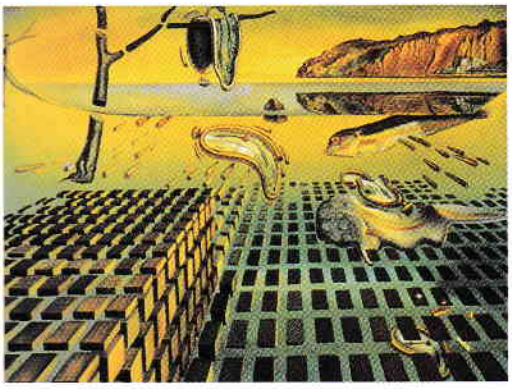

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Cover

Brian Barnes was photographed for our cover during a Florida practice round in mid-January. The photo was taken by Montana Pritchard.

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Pipes AND TOBACCOS

A quarterly magazine celebrating pipes of all kinds and fine tobaccos.

DAYTON H. MATLICK, editor-in-chief
COLLEEN Z. BLACKARD, senior editor
LARRY O'CONNOR, senior associate editor
CHUCK STANION, associate editor
PHIL BOWLING, associate editor
CHRIS GLASS, associate editor
DORIS FRIEDRICH, copy editor
CAROLINE MONROE, editorial assistant

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ED O'CONNOR, advertising sales manager
MICHAEL RUBISH, account executive
SHARON GORMAN, sales coordinator

HEADQUARTERS:
Pipes and tobaccos
3000 Highwoods Blvd., Suite 300
Raleigh, NC 27604-1029 U.S.A.
Telephone: 919.872.5040
Fax: 919.876.6531
Email: SpecC@aol.com

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More answers

Welcome to Year Two of *Pipes and tobaccos*. We greatly appreciate the warm response you have given our efforts. The strong continuing support is reflected in "Pipe Lines," our letters column, and in our ever-growing list of paid subscribers. If there is any one thing that will guarantee a long life for this magazine, it is the number of individuals like you who care enough to buy a subscription (and encourage your friends to do likewise) and then to get involved in the magazine through suggestions, questions and comments.

In preparation for this second year, we have expanded our efforts to serve you. In addition to the letters column, we also now have "Pipe Facts," written by Nikos Levin, to answer your questions about pipe history and specific pipes. In this issue we also launch "*P&T* Answers" to address the many questions we receive that don't seem to fit into other categories.

This new column is written by Chuck Stanion, a new associate editor. Those of you who read the outstanding article on Randy Wiley in the Winter 1996/97 issue already know of the excellent work Chuck can do.

Chuck is a dedicated pipe smoker; he has also been thoroughly educated as a creative writer, an unbeatable combination from our viewpoint. We feel fortunate to have him on the *P&T* team. Although Chuck hasn't been with us long enough to make his presence completely felt in this issue, his travels will make good copy in future issues, including his intense interest in Samuel Clemens/Mark Twain. He comes to us from New York, via Florida.

A different approach. Although it flies in the face of accepted journalistic practice, we approach our responsibilities to you in a very specific fashion. First, we go to see individuals and companies, face-to-face. Second, once the article is written, we check the facts back with the individual(s) interviewed to make sure the article is accurate. Many journalists view this as sacrilege, fearing that this approach will infringe on their journalistic "freedom" and integrity, or whatever. With 30 years in the business, I have a strong belief in the importance of accuracy. Better yet, properly handled the fact checking poses no threat to the quality of the article and, in fact, can add to the depth and breadth.

We look forward to another year of meeting pipe smokers across the U.S. and around the world and sharing their ideas and experiences with you. In the meantime, keep those letters coming! They make our day!

Dayton H. Mathlick

Scheduled for the next issue:

Germain and Son fine tobaccos

Jess Chonowitsch, master Danish pipemaker

Kenny Blake, pipe-loving jazzman

Ser Jacopo, Italian pipemakers with a flair

Mark Twain, pipe-smoking wit and satirist

Jim Benjamin, professional pipe cleaner extraordinaire

(Note: An invasion by virulent viruses caused us to delay some of the articles scheduled for this issue until the next issue so they could be properly prepared and checked.)

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P&T Readers Respond

Relatively Speaking

I recently saw the Winter '97 issue of *P&T* in a bookstore and purchased it without the slightest hesitation. I was so pleased to finally see a magazine dedicated to pipes rather than just cigars. I savor an occasional cigar, but I find that pipes are so much more satisfying. I especially enjoyed your article on Albert Einstein "Relativity and other pipe dreams" and would like to suggest for a future issue an article on a hero of mine—J.R.R. Tolkien. I noticed your reference to Einstein as a "hobbit-like nuclear physicist" and was delighted, to say the least.

I have only recently started to discover the pleasures of a good pipe and found several of the articles to be very informative. I was also pleased to see some comments from younger pipe enthusiasts as I am but 23 years of age. I am eagerly awaiting your future issues and encourage the *P&T* staff to keep up the good work.

Kevin Hicks
Pensacola, Florida

I am writing to compliment you on your excellent piece on Albert Einstein featured in this Winter 1997 issue. The author shared his insight of both Einstein's personality and scientific achievements in an easily understandable form.

I would also like to suggest two future topics for your magazine, if they have not been previously covered. First, could you do a story on the meerschaum mines of Turkey? It would be interesting to include some beautifully carved examples, information about manufacturing and a comparison of the smoking qualities of meerschaum and briar. Second, I would suggest a story on the history of Dr. Grabow pipes. Despite their short-cuts to production, they are responsible for introducing many to the joy of pipe smoking. Keep up the good work, I greatly enjoy your publication.

Mark Beale, M.D.
Charleston, South Carolina

P&T: Good suggestions all. We'll put Dr. Grabow and Tolkien on our to-do list. We actually already featured an article on Lars Hundley's visit to a Turkish meerschaum mine in P&T*'s first issue ("Mining for 'white gold' in Turkey" Winter '96.) But* P&T *Editor-in-Chief Dayton Matlick will be visiting Turkey later this year to gather material for future articles on the mastercarvers of meerschaum. Regarding your kind reviews of the Einstein piece, the author thanks you.*

Pipemaker to the Stars

Enjoyed the article on Ed Kolpin ("Pipemaker to the Stars" Winter '97) and his Tinder Box. Before World War II, my brother Lynn and I bought pipes and tobacco from "Ed's Pipe Shop" in Santa Monica next door to the Majestic Theater. (Our blend was 33.) During the war I was in the Army Air Corps and would order my tobacco from Ed. And if a pipe needed repair, I would mail it to him. Ed would repair it and return it—no charge. I have never forgotten that kindness. I inherited my brother's pipes and most of my favorites are from Ed's Pipe Shop and the Tinder Box.

Wm. H. McCurdy
Goleta, California

Butera to the Rescue

I enjoyed the Winter '97 issue from cover to cover. Being a newcomer to the joys of pipe smoking, I found "How to...Pack a Bowl Properly" by Mike Butera very helpful! I am looking forward to many similar articles. Perhaps one on proper break-in and maintenance of your pipe. I've heard many different versions. Thanks a lot!

Craig Allen
Findlay, Ohio

P&T: Excellent how-to topics. Stay tuned.

Being just an occasional pipe smoker for a number of years, I would be considered a long-time novice. However, after reading the article by Mike Butera on how to properly load a pipe bowl, "tongue bite" is virtually a thing of the past and I'm a much more frequent pipe smoker now. For those of us who would try our own hand at pipe making, could you possibly present a series of "how-tos" on pipe making along with a list of suppliers of raw materials, bits and special tools for pipe making? This would be greatly appreciated.

Richard S. Poirier
Topeka, Kansas

P&T: Glad to hear your tongue bite is nothing more than a bitter memory. We should have a list of do-it-yourself pipemaking projects in the next issue.

I've been smoking & collecting pipes for about five years now and finding your magazine was the icing on this hobby. Since I don't have much formal training in pipes, your "How To" articles are a delight to read, if for nothing but an affirmation that I'm doing things at least half right.

One aspect of Mike Butera's article generated this letter—the technique of building a cake by shaking the fine ash inside your bowl to coat the edges. I thought I was the only person in this part of the galaxy to perform this technique. But now, thanks to *P&T* and Mike Butera, I can proudly shake my ash with the best of them!

Mike DeTraglia
Wasilla, Alaska

P&T: Congratulations. And shake it up, brother.

Ho Ho Ho, etc...

Sincere thanks for sending me a copy of the Winter '97 edition of your excellent periodical. I consider it a fine Christmas present.

Here is another version of the poem "Women & Smokers" to compare with the one in your Winter '97 issue. To avoid any harsh feelings with the original sender, please use discretion as to when this version is published:

Some men like their women to be like cigarettes—tall, slender, trim, in a row, to be selected at will, set aflame, and when the flame has subsided, discarded, only to be replaced with another;

Fastidious men prefer their women to be a

IT'S TAKEN OVER A CENTURY TO DEVELOP THE WORLD RENOWNED MAC BAREN COLLECTION OF SMOKING TOBACCOS.

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When you offer your customers Mac Barens, you are selling more than tobacco. You are selling an experience that has been shared around the world for over 100 years.

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cigars—they are more expensive, make a better appearance, and if the brand is good, they are used to the end;

Other men like their women to be as their pipes—caressed fondly, held gently but lovingly, and cherished forever.

A man will give you a cigarette
He may offer you a cigar
But he will never share his pipe.

Eugene Lindley
Commerce, Texas

P&T: Thanks for the submission. And we're quite sure our earlier correspondent will see your version as a complement, not a rival, to his own.

Rockwell Recalled

Back in the late '70s in Lenox, Mass., I had the opportunity to meet Norman Rockwell, an avid pipe smoker, and never since that time have I seen a pipe like his dinner pipe. Rockwell always ate at a certain restaurant on a certain day of the week and the room he ate in was called the Rockwell Room with a big fireplace. After his meal, he sat by the fire and smoked this pipe which filled the restaurant with an elegant aroma. This pipe was very unusual and would be nice to see in your magazine. It had a very long stem with a bowl which sat in his lap. Maybe you could do an article on Norman Rockwell.

Alan Therrier
Ashley Falls, Massachusetts

P&T: You paint a wonderful image of the illustrious illustrator. And he certainly merits a place in the P&T *hall of fame. Good idea.*

The Sweet Scent of Stalin

I am a pipe smoker of 43 years (age 63), so I know I am breaking a cardinal rule of pipe smoking by blending about four over-the-counter aromatic blends together in a large crock. What a delightful but strange aroma. Twice a week I drink a few lagers at a public house and light up. Ninety-five percent of the gents and ladies love my tobacco. Only 5 percent of the folks have felt any abdominal distress. I call my blend "Stalin's Socks." (Smile.)

Robert Rasmussen
Hauppauge, New York

P&T: Thank you for sharing. However, if you're thinking of mass marketing, you might want to discuss your proposed trade name with an advertising professional. (By the way, the only cardinal rule of pipe smoking we subscribe to is to enjoy what you're doing. So if Stalin's Socks has the kick you're looking for, go for it.)

High Fluting

I have been a pipe aficionado for over 40 years and I can say, without reservation, that *P&T* is the finest periodical I have ever seen.

In the "Readers Respond" section, I read that you had published an article about James Galway ("A platinum flute, with laughter" Winter '96). For 45 years I made my living as a musician; my instrument was the flute. I retired in 1985, but still play occasionally for my own enjoyment. I've seen Mr. Galway in concert several times and I'm sure I own just about everything he's ever recorded.

I would be extremely grateful if you could send me the edition of *P&T* in which the article appeared. It would most certainly be a treasured addition to my "kapnismological" library.

Don G. Russell
Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Band
Canadian Forces Base Calgary
Calgary, Alberta

P&T: Sorry you missed our Galway piece, one of P&T*'s readers all-time favorites. Although we can no longer include back issues as part of a new subscription because of high shipping costs, a small number of previous issues are still available for sale. New* P&T *readers who wish to purchase back issues should call our circulation department at 919.872.5040.*

High-faluting?

Are you too high-falutin' to admit that the best pipes made are corncobs?

David Grant
Groveland, Massachusetts

P&T: Yes, we are.... Actually, we think the noble corncob is a grand way to smoke tobacco. If you had caught our Spring '96 issue, you would already know that. We published a lengthy article on the Missouri Meerschaum Company, the venerable purveyor of your (and our) beloved corncobs. We also published an article on Gen. Douglas MacArthur and his oversized cob pipe. And if you're not too high-falutin' to call our circulation department, they'll be happy to send you a copy.

"Hands Off" Off the Mark?

In response to the letter by Mr. Leslie S. Tobin ("Hands Off" in Pipe Lines Winter '97), I have been a pipe smoker for 33 years, and it has been my experience that the way in which a pipe is held is a matter of preference. There are some pipes, for example, whose bowls are too heavy to be held by the stem. Furthermore, I own pipes whose bowls are so thick that I could not possibly heat them by holding them at the bowl.

Bob F. Obdrzalek
Springfield, Vermont

Thanks for the Memories

On Jan. 7, I celebrated my 55th anniversary as a pipe smoker. It was my 9th birthday that my grandfather took me to Flint and bought me my very own pipe...said he was tired of my stealing his. I don't even remember when I started smoking a pipe, but I vividly remember getting caught in kindergarten and being sent home.

Dick Alexander
Hardy, Arkansas

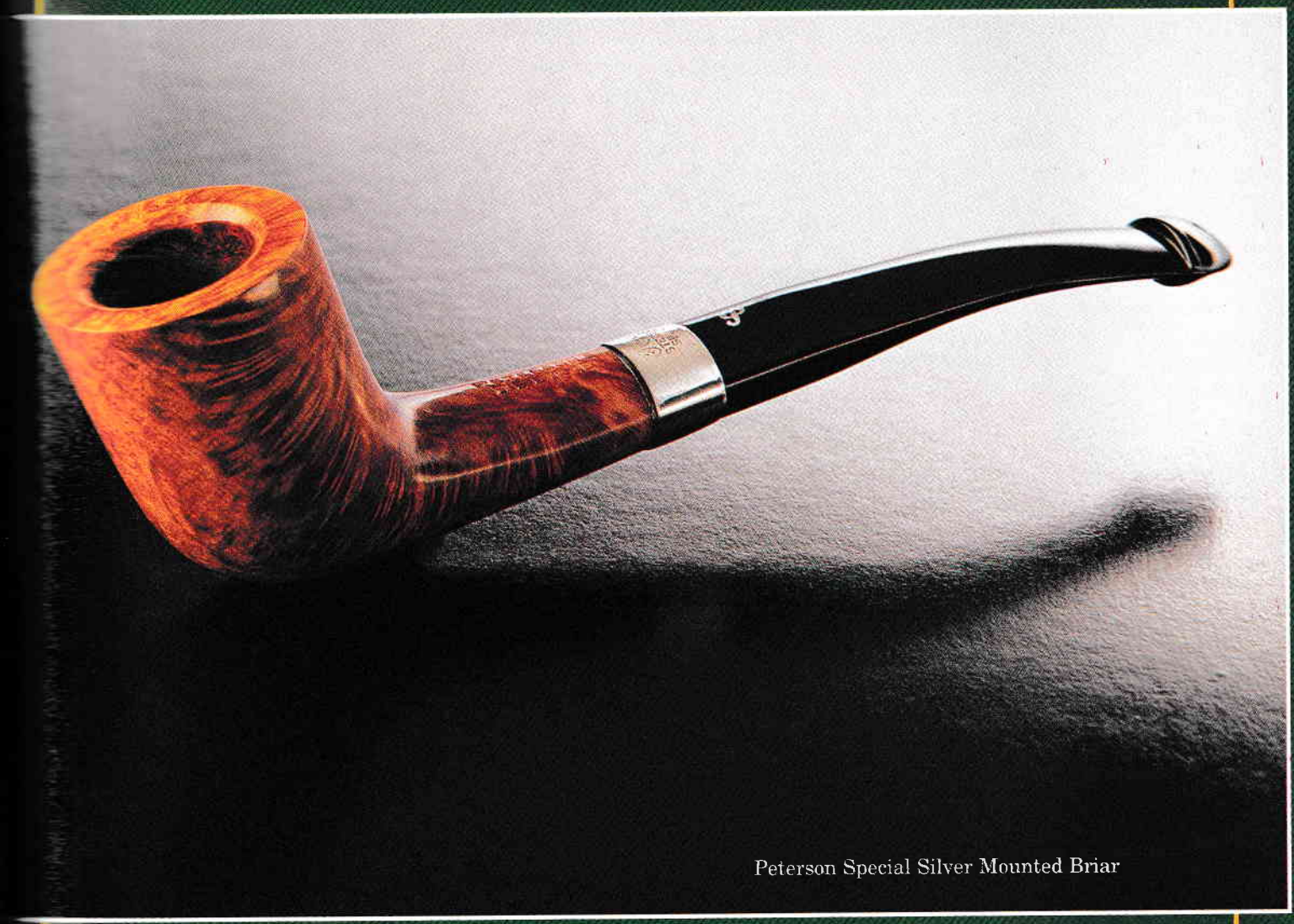
P&T: Underage smoking is the last thing in the world P&T *would want to give even the appearance of supporting. But you were obviously quite a character. And your childhood reminiscence—considering how times and sensibilities change—is flat hysterical.*

The Doctor Is In

I just sent in a "prescription" for three years. I called it a prescription—not a subscription—because it is just what the doctor ordered.

Some of the things that I would like to see in future publications might be a section on tobacco tasting of various tobaccos from tobacconists around the world. Articles about tobacco shops from around the country and world would be nice, as well

PETERSON OF DUBLIN



Peterson Special Silver Mounted Briar

Take a closer look at a Peterson pipe.

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as pictures, such as Sherman's in New York, Jerri's in Denver, Iwan Ries in Chicago, etc.

Joe A. Lankford
Enumclaw, Washington

P&T: Thanks for the ideas. Actually, we have already been featuring tobacco shops around the country and the world. In fact, in this issue, you'll be happy to see an article on one of the tobacconists you've suggested—Iwan Ries.

X-Ceptional Taste

I cannot emphasize enough the remarkable job you are doing with *P&T.* The articles are well-written and informative. The color photography is fabulous. I can sit and gaze endlessly at some of the magnificent pipes displayed in your magazine.... I have seen other "Generation X" pipe smokers identify themselves, so I will also. I am a 23-year-old pipe smoker/collector who has been at it for two years now. I am only growing more enamored by the craftsmanship and beauty to be found in pipes. I have won a few converts to the world of pipes, namely, my father-in-law, brother-in-law, and the best man in my wedding. My job is so much simpler with a magazine like this one.

Chad V. Johnson
Universal City, Texas

Help Wanted

If you can uncover the whereabouts of a certain antique pipe rack I am looking for, have more info on it, or know how I can be more successful in my search, please contact me ASAP. The rack's former owner is aging quickly and says that he will die happy if he can find it.

I can provide the following clues about the pipe rack:

- It was purchased around 1915, probably from a catalog, by someone who resided in North Dakota.
- It is about 8 inches wide and may or may not have been mass-produced.
- The wooden rack has about five or six wooden pegs sticking out, which creates spaces for pipes to fall through. This almost gives it the appearance of a tie rack.
- The following poem is etched or written on the face of the rack:

  "Oft in the evening twilight
  It brings back memories fond
  I try to read the smoke wreaths
  And think of friendship's bond...
  My pipe and I."
- An image of a man by a fireplace with his pipe, resting in a chair with a dog at his feet is also etched, carved or painted on the rack. The former owner says that the man carved on the rack has a look on his face that implies he doesn't have a care in the world.

Chris Cowen
Cyberspace

P&T: We haven't had any luck, but maybe one of our other readers can help. If so, Chris Cowen can be contacted at 612.362.2822 (w), 612.823.2387 (h), 612.439.0391 (fax) or e-mail: imaliveru@aol.com.

Calendar Call

I believe your readers would greatly benefit if you were to carry a "running calendar" of upcoming pipe-related events around the country.

John E. Erskine III
Chicago, Illinois

P&T: Your letter and our last issue, in which we began just the reader service you mention, evidently crossed in the mail. But we'll take this opportunity to remind all our readers that if we don't hear about your club or pipe show, we can't spread the word. So keep P&T *informed.*

And Now...the Fan Mail

(Darn, that feels good!)

I have been receiving your magazine and enjoy it tremendously. I read it from cover to cover and I am impressed with the quality of the articles, letters to the editor, the photographs and the overall effort that goes into the production of this excellent magazine.

Robert C. Roth
Long Beach, California

Congratulations on the "launch" of *P&T.* It's an excellent publication, one that I will place on the coffee table to be seen, rather than hide in a magazine rack. After buying an issue at a local smoke shop, I immediately ordered a 3-year subscription.

Henry M. Bruce
Deltona, Florida

All I can say is your publication is great and to show how much I enjoy it, I am ordering a subscription for three years.

Gary Donaldson
Steeleville, Illinois

Just received your Winter '97 issue. Read it all within a few days! Just want to say, "Very well done!" It's the most interesting magazine on the subjects of pipes and tobaccos I've seen in a very long time. Since I'm hoping your future issues will equal this one, find enclosed a check for a three year subscription.

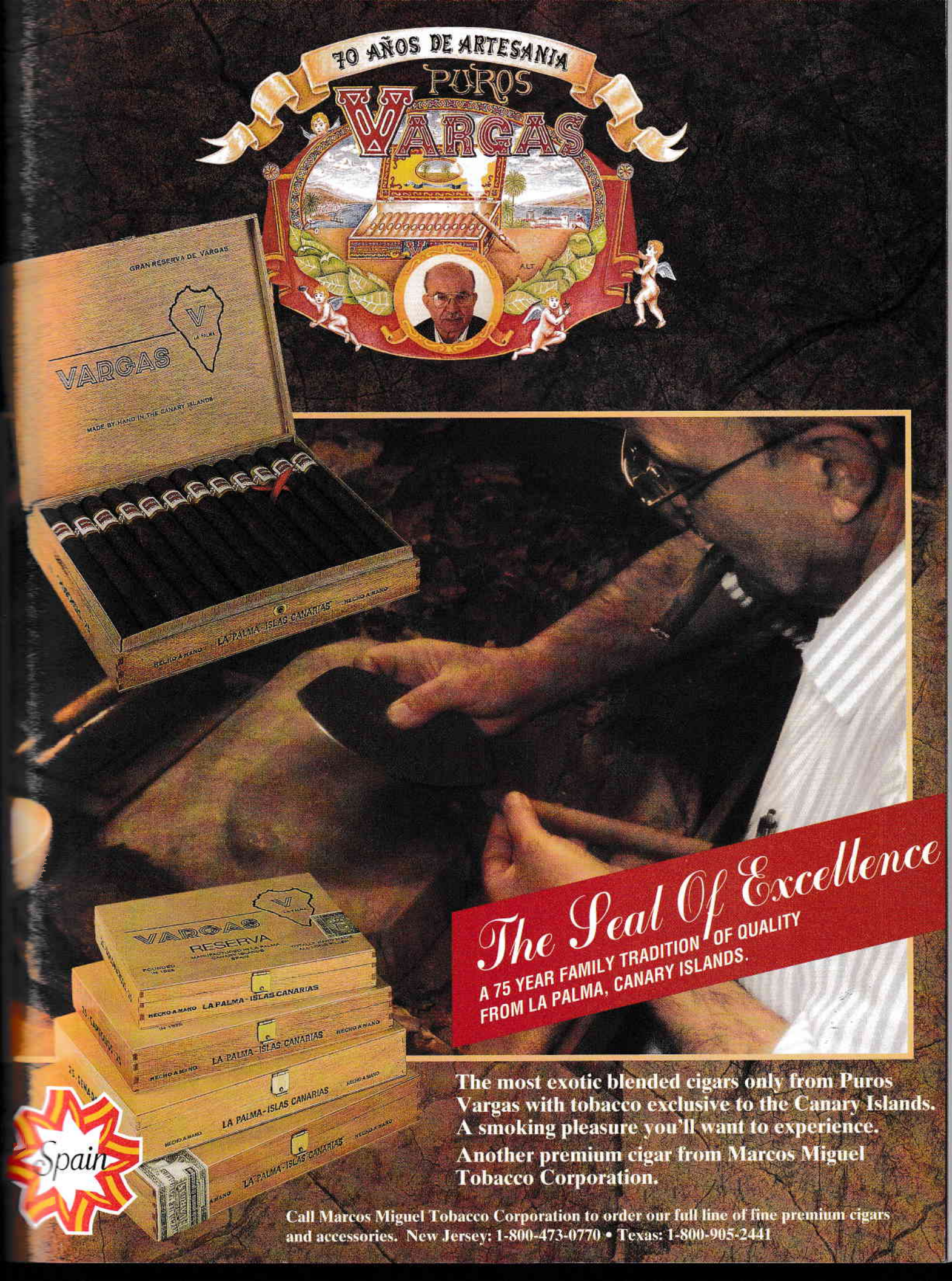
Jack L. Melkus
Goshen, Indiana

Congratulations! This sort of publication is long overdue. I have been a serious pipe smoker for six years, and was elated to find a current source of information and advertisement pertaining to pipes and tobacco. I bought the premier issue, missed the second, and received a complimentary third issue in the mail. A pipe between my teeth, I read both intently. Then I read 'em again. I think your approach is very good, with enough variety to keep monotony at bay.

Ben Partain
Forest Grove, Oregon

Write On!

It isn't uncommon for the "Letters" section of a magazine to be the readership's favorite pages. At P&T, *it's the editors' and staff's favorite, too. We appreciate the warm, thoughtful, humorous—and, yes, even the occasionally cantankerous letters we receive from what has to be the most literate, loyal magazine audience in the universe. Thanks for reading. And thanks for writing.—L.O.*


70 AÑOS DE ARTESANIA
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LA PALMA - ISLAS CANARIAS
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Comoy Pipes

Many years ago I purchased and smoked mostly Comoy pipes. I think the Everyman, Guildhall, Town Hall, Royal, etc. were some of the best made, best smoking pipes one could find for the money. The problem is that over the years I have needed repairs and the Comoy service in New Jersey is no longer available. When and why did Comoy stop making the above pipes? Are any original Comoy pipes or parts available after all these years? Do you know of anyone who can make replacement stems and bits that are true to the originals?

Thomas Foxall, Ph.D.
Lee, New Hampshire

I would agree that Comoy's early pipes were among the finest British pipes ever produced. Even today they represent one of the better values in English pipes. According to the director of the Comoy and GBD archives in London, the Guildhall is still being produced. As far as the Town Hall pipe is concerned, it was produced by Comoy but was not part of their standard product line.

The Royal Comoy was the precursor to the Blue Riband and is a very high grade pipe. It would not have been produced later than the 1950s. The possible reasons for discontinuing these lines are endless. However, companies are always trying new styles and finishes in hopes of keeping their products "up to date." Often changes in ownership or management play a big part in what is produced and marketed as well.

There is no official Comoy repair shop in the United States; however, your local tobacconist may have a stem replacement service or you can contact Jim Cooke, the premier repair and stem replacement man in the country. 1.800.849.6272. RD#2, Stygles Rd., E. Fairfield, VT 05448.

Pipe Facts is written by Nikos Levin, who lives and works in Florida, where he runs a prominent pipe business. Submit your questions and comments to Pipe Facts, Pipes and tobaccos, *3000 Highwoods Blvd., Suite 300, Raleigh, NC 27604-1029. Fax: 919.876.6531. Email: Specomm@interserv.com*

Root Briar

I read that Root Briar is no longer produced, yet I found two Root Briar Dunhill pipes at a Tulsa pipe shop. They cost more than other Dunhills. If Root Briar is the most popular briar, why is it no longer produced? And why was I able to find two new ones? Why did they cost so much more?

R. Burnham
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The Root Briar is no longer being included in Lane's standard price list. However, they will be available on a limited basis for select "Principal Pipe Dealers." Although the two Root Briar pipes you saw at the pipe shop were unsmoked and currently available, they were probably produced several years ago. I would advise checking with the store for the specific dates they were manufactured.

Dunhill Dating

I would like to know if there is a way I can distinguish the year a Dunhill pipe was made.

Nick Conarello
Via Email

There is a fairly simple formula for determining the date of a Dunhill made between 1955 and the present. Immediately following the "Made in England" stamp on the shank of the pipe there should be a number.

From 1955 to 1959 a single digit was used to indicate the production year. These numbers were approximately one half the height of the "d" in "England." A 5 would indicate the pipe was produced in 1955, a 6 would indicate the pipe was produced in 1956 and so on.

A single digit was also used for pipes produced in the 1960s; however, the size of the digit was the same size as the "d" in "England." For example, if the pipe reads "Made in England 3" the pipe was produced in 1963.

The 1970s are numbered 10-19, the 1980s are numbered 20-29, and the 1990s are numbered 30-37. Prior to 1955 there were many different stampings and patent numbers one could use to determine the pipe's age. These numbers must be cross-referenced with a dating guide on a pipe-by-pipe basis.

There is currently a very comprehensive dating guide for Dunhill pipes being produced by the Pipe Collectors Club of America and we will be sure to notify the readership when it is completed.

Yello Bowl

Do you know when Yello Bowl made handmade pipes?

Gerald Barnes
Akron, Ohio

Yello Bowl produced handmade pipes in the 1930s and 1940s.

Loewe of London

The six pipes in the enclosed photo were purchased by my father in London when returning from France after WWI. The stubby billiard is stamped LOEWE LONDON. W. on the side of the shank. The silver bands on all six pipes are marked L.& CO. Also, L.& CO. is impressed on the shanks of all six. I would be interested in knowing something about the manufacturer and the time when they were in production.

Robert L. Smith
Kingston, Washington

The approximate age of these pipes could be determined if the Hallmark stampings on the silver are legible. With a proper hallmark guide you can date the silver, and in all probability the silver bands were made at the same time as the briar portion of the pipe. When asked about Loewe pipes, one noted and longtime collector said simply, "They're great." Enjoy!

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Saint-Claude Pipemakers

The Confrérie of Master Pipemakers celebrates 30 years of brotherhood in the birthplace of the briar pipe

by Jacques Cole

For a newcomer, arrival into Saint-Claude is always a surprise.

By car, there are only four roads leading into the town, two from the north and two from the south. The two from the north come over the high Jura plateau; one of the southern routes wanders over the mountains. To be more accurate, this southern route follows (from outside) a westerly direction before turning north a mile or two short of the town.

The fourth road—the only one relatively level—follows the course of the river that flows in a southwesterly direction after leaving the town.

Should one arrive by train from the north, the railroad also follows the river valley from Morez, a town about 18 miles north of Saint-Claude, which is a center for the manufacture of spectacles and lenses. To the south, the railroad takes you to Oyonnax, a plastic industry center, and then to Lyon.

The rail-link to Saint-Claude, a feat of engineering, was not completed until 1889. The track comes from Dijon, passes over the Jura plateau and descends more than 1,000 feet in a matter of a few miles before reaching Morez, at an elevation of 2,297 feet. This is accomplished via a series of loops which requires some seven bridges (viaducts) and tunnels on the side of the valley. The tracks then lead along the river valley—also requiring some bridges and tunnels—before dropping to the official Saint-Claude altitude of 1,477 feet. While still used for freight, the railroad has now lost its importance for passenger traffic.

Whichever way you arrive, you cannot see the town until you are almost in it, except from a couple of panoramic road bends as you approach. That is the element of surprise; you find Saint-Claude nestling at the bottom of a valley, surrounded by mountains reaching between 2,950 and 3,600 feet in height.

It was always a difficult place to get to, and that is probably why in about AD 430, a monastery was founded, originally called Candid, which became a center of pilgrimage, with an illustrious abbey. The name Candid is of Celtic origin meaning "river junction," and, indeed, two rivers meet.

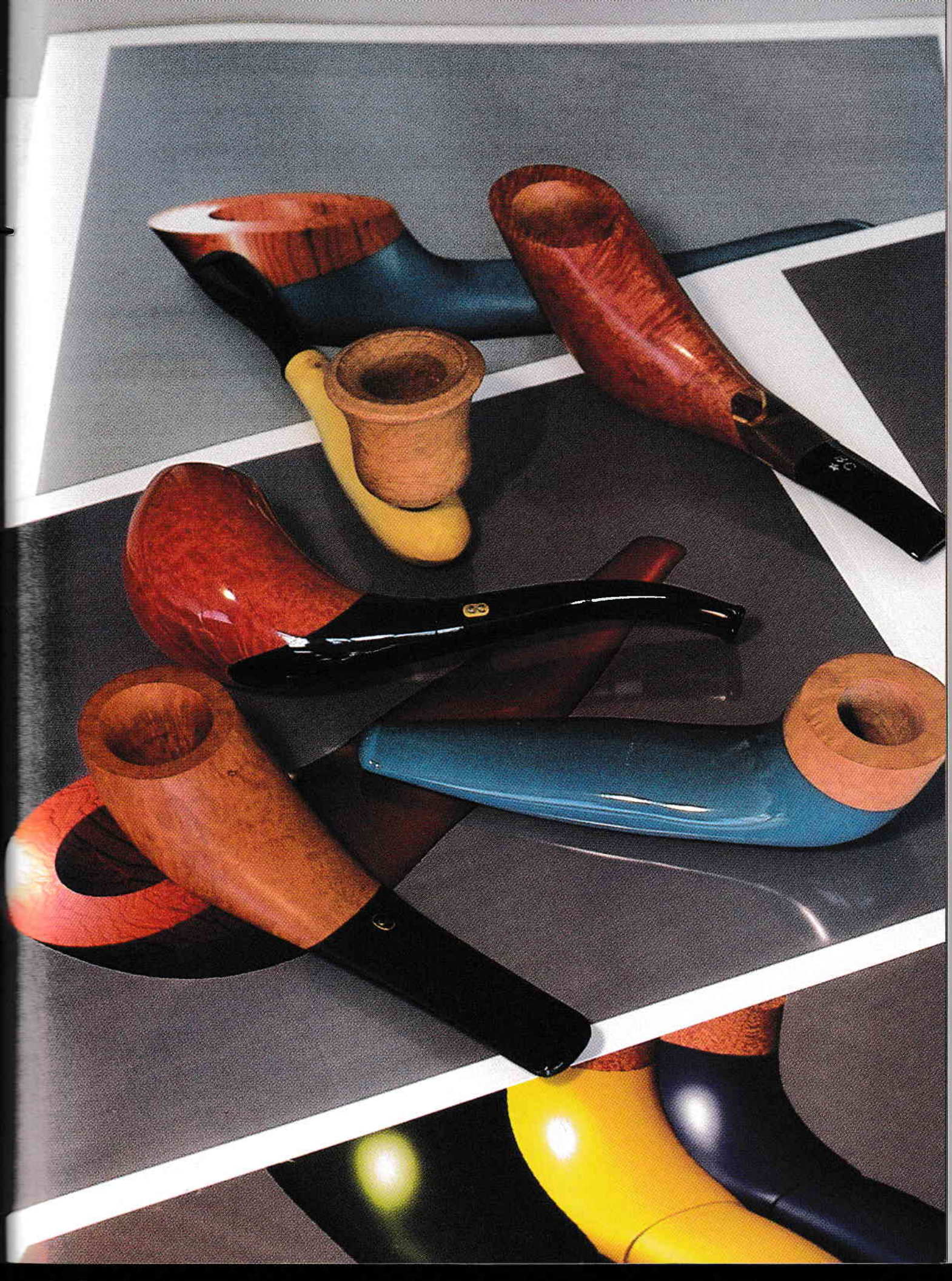
Some writers have described Saint-Claude as a village, but it was never so. By about AD 1100, Candid was an ecclesiastic principality, which with its surrounding area had probably some 13,000 souls. As in all places of pilgrimage, the local inhabitants made wooden religious souvenirs to sell to pilgrims; this was the origin of the town's long history of wood turning.

Candid became Saint-Claude in about 1181 when the body of the saint of that name (who had lived at the monastery) was discovered still in perfect condition and was reckoned to have miraculous powers. This attracted gifts to the monastery and was the prelude to what local historians consider a second period of pilgrimage.

There was a castle with high walls looking down on the junction of the two rivers, and the building of the local cathedral was started in the 14th century within the boundary of the fortified town. Incidentally, the cathedral was never completed; it is still missing its spires. Therefore, far from being a village, Saint-Claude was a religious city.

On the side of the ramparts, the cathedral walls are about 24 feet; those ramparts can still be seen today. The back of the town was protected by a rocky and

Five brands took part in a project to design new pipes that can be produced in quantity. These striking pipes are the results.



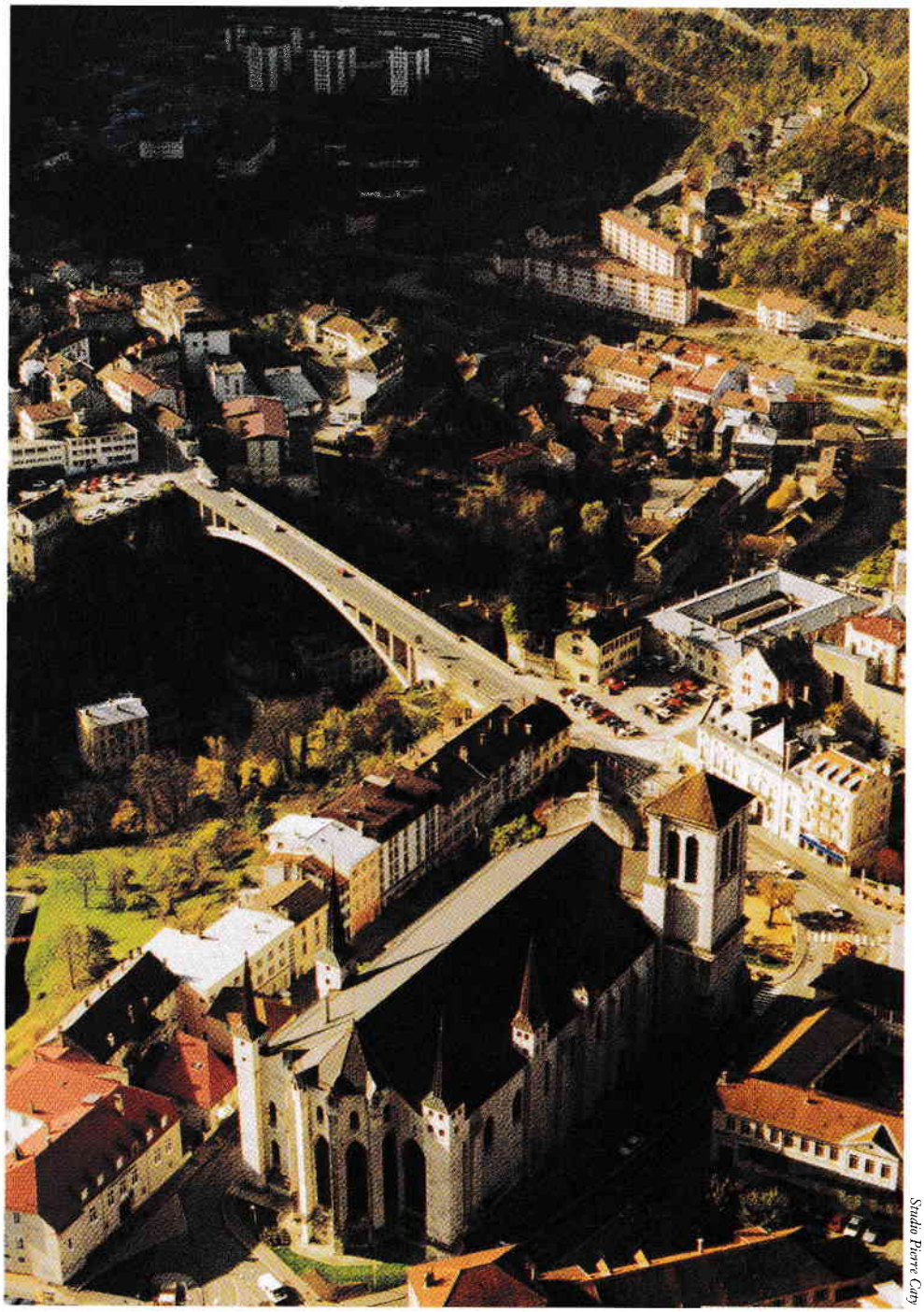
wooded mountain which at the time would have been impassable.

The site of the town is such that at its widest point it is less than a half-mile from mountain to mountain. The bottom of the main river valley is much lower than the official elevation of Saint-Claude.

Since the last war, buildings have been erected on the western mountain slopes overlooking the town. The present population is almost 13,000.

The town's history is full of events, but for our purposes we need to jump to the years after the French Revolution, when Saint-Claude was recovering from a long period of economic depression which had culminated in a disastrous fire in 1799.

One advantage of Saint-Claude as a wood-turning center was its two fast-flowing rivers, the Bienne and its tributary, the Tacon. They provided an important source of energy which was harnessed to power turning machines initially, and at the turn of the century they provided the means of generating electricity. Although the river has the tendency to run almost dry in high summer, on the other hand there is danger of flooding in the lower part of the town in early spring. Even after the last war, some factories in the lower part of the town were still using river power.



Studio Pierre Cuny

This is an unusual view of Saint-Claude, showing the south side of town at the junction of the two rivers (right side, a third of the way down). To the right of the cathedral stands the House of the Confrérie. To the left, the row of houses was built upon the ancient ramparts, which run under the north side of the bridge and behind the marketplace (center right).

The town's craftsmen were making a wide variety of wooden articles (spoons, plates and even coffee pots), games, souvenirs and also stems for pipes which were shipped to pipemakers in Germany and elsewhere. Pipes also figured among those articles.

The house of Jeantet for instance, was already in the pipemaking business in 1765 (using boxwood) and issued a catalog in 1802. The Comoy family was making pipes in 1825 before moving to London in 1879, while retaining a foothold in Saint-Claude.

The use of briar had become widespread by the mid-1800s. In 1956, the pipe manufacturers' association, Syndicat des Fabricants, celebrated 100 years of the briar pipe industry.

One needs to be specific. Before 1856, a pipe was one article among others produced in Saint-Claude, but by that date some firms had decided to concentrate solely on pipe production, thus creating an industry. The 1956 celebration was, therefore, not of the invention of briar pipes, but of the birth of briar pipemaking as an industry.

At the end of the 1800s, there were about 2,000 pipemakers, raspers, setters, cementers, assemblers and polishers active in pipemaking in Saint-Claude. In 1958, there were only 600 left, divided between four British and four French companies that had 20 or more employees. These were located in about 10 workshops. Today, the number has dropped to about 200. However, the decline in pipe purchases leveled out in 1991.

The 1956 event was supported by the local municipality and the local Deputy Edgar Faure. Among the guests were representatives from the French government, the French tobacco company, SEITA, and a delegation of the Briar Pipe Association (BPTA) from London, led by Grand Old Man of the Pipe Trade Louis Chapuis Sr., from Comoy's of London. ▶

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The presence of the BPTA delegation underlined the interest and long association of British companies with the town. From the middle of the 19th century, London-based companies worked as clearing houses to cater to the huge business that was developing within the British Empire, notably with South Africa, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Indian subcontinent and, not least, with the growing United States.

These companies had offices and representatives in all these countries. They included pipemakers who already existed in Britain, such as A. Fraukau (BBB pipes) and Barling, but also others, such as A. Oppenheimer, that were at the time "merchants" with many contacts worldwide. They also included important tobacco retail chains like Salmon & Gluckstein, as well as the Imperial Tobacco Company.

Whether already pipemakers or traders, Saint-Claude was the place for them to obtain volume supplies for the growing popular- and middle-priced markets. They also invested in the Saint-Claude industry, so that by the early years of the 20th century British interests owned several large factories there.

At the same time, most French companies in Saint-Claude had regular commercial relations with English firms and, in some cases, offices and warehouses in London.

The Centenary celebration of 1956 was to pave the way to the creation of the Confrérie des Maîtres Pipiers (The Brotherhood of Master Pipemakers). The manufacturers' association brought two younger men (namely your writer and his brother Alain) into the organizing committee and entrusted them with specific tasks.

Over the next few years, the sons of other manufacturers took their place in the industry, albeit in junior capacities, but representing the up-and-coming generation of pipemakers. Led by Alain Cole and Jean-Paul Berrod in particular (I was in London by then), they began to formulate the basis of the Confrérie, encouraged by Edgar Faure and with the help of the editor of the local newspaper. The efforts culminated in the creation of the Confrérie des Maîtres Pipiers in 1966.

The main core (or full members) are Master Pipemakers from each company who, on official occasions, wear a specially designed livery in the colors of Saint-Claude—blue and yellow. The first president of the Confrérie was Jean Ropp (Ropp Pipes). French Deputy Edgar Faure was acclaimed French Pipesmoker of the Year 1966.

In addition, it was decided to honor men and women who support pipes—they could be in the trade or any other profession from France or abroad—by installing them as Confrères Pipiers (Pipe Brothers). Initiation ceremonies take place several times a year and there are currently more than 900 members from all corners of the Earth.

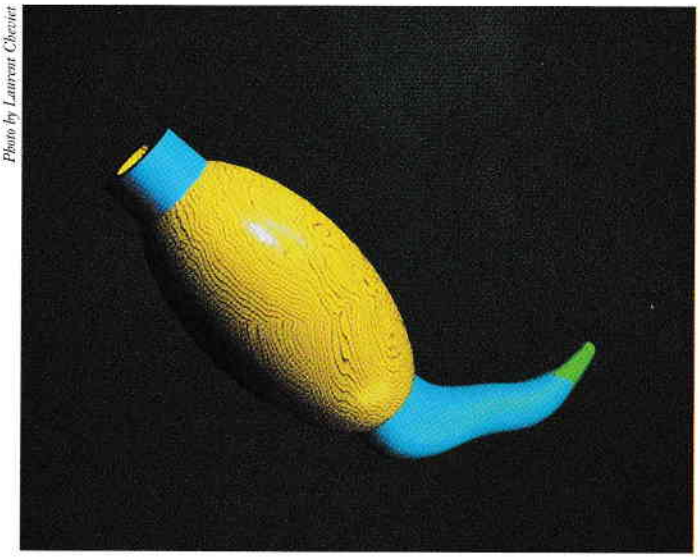

Photo by Laurent Chevret

One theme of the 30th anniversary event was the creation of a "concept pipe" for the year 2006, shown here as a computer simulation.

The main annual event is the election of the pipeman of the year, who is called Le Premier Fumeur de France (First Smoker of France).

To mark its 30th anniversary, the Confrérie planned an elaborate program, wishing to assemble in Saint-Claude the majority of the Confrères who had been initiated over the past three decades. Among those were persons who had been initiated in Paris, and the Confrérie wanted to give them an opportunity to visit Saint-Claude. The celebration took place over a three-day period from October 11 to 13, 1996.

Some guests, for reasons of convenience, made their own way to Saint-Claude, but the others traveled in a specially reserved section of the fast 10:15 a.m. TGV train from Paris to Dijon (the capital of Burgundy), where they arrived just after noon. There, they transferred to a special railcar from which they were able—at a more leisurely pace—to enjoy the ever-changing panoramic route leading into the depths of the Jura Mountains and over the plateau.

The railcar made a number of stops along the way to allow the guests to discover the nature of local activities. At Champagnole, you are on the Jura plateau. Although smaller than Saint-Claude, it is renowned for its ancient iron works. More modern industries include cement works, steelworks and, in particular, furniture manufacturing.

When you reach Saint-Laurent en Grandvaux, you are at the limit of the plateau. It is a large village of some 1,700 souls on the main N5 road from Paris to Geneva, Switzerland. In winter the village can be quite bleak, but it has sustained cottage industries for centuries.

From there, the railcar followed the track described earlier which, before descending to Morez via its intricate viaducts and tunnels, stopped at Morbier. This is not only the home of the famous cheese of the same name, but also the French center of clock-making.

Then on to Morez, the important center of the spectacle trade, which is also famous for its enamel work. The town is in a valley so narrow that the railcar has to leave by the way it arrives. Saint-Claude was reached just after two in the afternoon.

Along the way, guests were greeted by representatives of local industries and local musicians, while enjoying and appreciating the culinary specialties of the region.

The rest of the day was devoted to visits to factories where the art of pipemaking was demonstrated, later followed by a get-together in the House of the Confrérie, which contains its own museum, to open a new exhibition called the Treasures of the Pipes of Saint-Claude. This exhibition, which will remain open until October 1997, was designed to show the developments of briar pipes, their analogies and influences in the world. ▶

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The next day was animated by a main theme: Between art and industry, what is the future of the briar pipe? It consisted of demonstrations, round-table talks, meetings and the discovery of the cultural heritage of Saint-Claude and its region.

The theme was illustrated by three separate workshops:

1. Art and Industry, covering research and development of new products;

2. Know-how and Tourism, reflecting the development of the tourist industry in the region; and

3. Culture and Society, which sought to find answers to the aspirations of smokers.

For pipe buffs, the first was particularly interesting, since it showed examples of ideas from a variety of sources, such as artists, designers, pipemakers and others, all seeking to predict the shapes of things to come. It also involved an organization called CRIPS, a research center in the northeast of the region which assists companies in designing new products adaptable to the current market.

There were two themes. The first was to create a pipe that would meet the current economic situation that could be produced in quantity. Five brands committed themselves to that theme, namely Butz-Choquin, Chacom, Chap, Ewa and Jeantet. The second theme was to create a "concept pipe" for the year 2006.

While the majority of visitors were impressed by the results, there were nonetheless some mixed reactions among some closest to the pipe industry—something to be expected! A test among cigarette smokers between 35 and 45 years of age was encouraging. Nonetheless, it was considered to be a worthwhile exercise which has already stimulated tobacco-related organizations to organize discussions on creativity.

This first workshop was also animated by a number of presentations and debates.

The second workshop focused on the tourist potential of the region, and included a tour of the Jura Mountains, a visit to a local cheese-maker (outside Saint-Claude) and to an expert in horn mouthpieces (bits) in a small village a few miles out of town.

The third workshop sought to find answers to the aspirations of present-day smokers. This consisted of round-table discussions with the participation of a number of experts in the field of tobacco, horticulture and briar. In particular, this included Pierre Schlitz, president of the International Pipe Academy, who is also the Director of Research at the French tobacco company SEITA. Four master pipemakers also took part.

The temporary exhibition specially created for the occasion covered a number of related subjects, including actual samples of pipes, via photos, sound and other media.

The last evening was devoted to the introduction of the First French Pipesmoker, this year Jean-Louis Foulquier, who is a producer cum comic, cum presenter on French TV and radio, particularly France Inter. Now 54 years of age, he went into broadcasting at the age of 23 and has been connected not only with TV and radio pro-

The Master Pipemakers of Saint-Claude

With the decline of pipe smokers, some Saint-Claude pipemakers regrouped, while others were able to remain independent.

Berrod-Regad

The Regad company was formed in 1875, becoming Berrod-Regad in 1914. The company bought the Butz-Choquin brand in 1951, but now the group includes Candid International (formerly Buffard-Bontemps) and Chapel Bros. The group markets five brands—Butz-Choquin, Chap, Claude Romain, Bontemps and Jima, under the leadership of president Jean-Paul Berrod and Gerard Chapel.

Cuty-Fort Enterprises

This group includes Chapuis-Comoy (maker since 1825), Jeantet-David (maker since 1765), Jean Lacroix (maker since 1956, but with a family pipemaking tradition) and Emile Vuillard (maker since 1850). The group markets the Chacom, Jeantet, Jean Lacroix and Vuillard brands, but has also diversified into wood accessories, spectacle frames and components for the automobile industry.

The board consists of Ives Grenard, Dominique Jeantet, Jean-Charles Lacroix and Romain Morel.

Ropp

Eugene Ropp was the man who in 1860 perfected the manufacture of cherrywood pipes, and used to be part of Oppenheimer Pipes (Cadogan) of London. Jean Ropp was a founding member of the Confrérie and its grand master until 1978. The company was re-created in 1992 by Michel Somacal, who had previously worked with Jean Ropp. Ropp briar pipes are part of the production.

Ets. Waille-Pipe Ewa

The Waille family has been in the pipe industry since 1860. The fourth generation is represented by Michel Waille, who took over the running of the firm in the 1970s and created the brand Ewa.

Vincent-Genod

In 1923, Georges Vincent-Genod took over the Comoy-David company which had been established in 1865; he was joined in 1939 by his son-in-law John Craen. John's son Jacques, who had joined the firm in 1959, took over in 1970 and created the Genod brand.

Paul Jeantet SA

More than 80 years ago, Paul Jeantet (a member of the pipemaking family) took over the Ebonite Co. to produce vulcanite mouthpieces (bits) for the pipe industry. The company has diversified into supple rubber products, waterproof products for the transport of fluids and industrial water taps, but remains one of the last companies to manufacture vulcanite mouthpieces in Europe.

Some figures

France is estimated to have some 700,000 pipe smokers consuming about 929 tons of tobacco a year. The industry's turnover in France is more than 54 million francs ($10 million) and it employs approximately 200 workers. Saint-Claude supplies 95 percent of the French market's pipe needs. There are 20,000 sales outlets in the market, of which 900 can be called specialists. Out of France's total pipe production, 64 percent is exported; 76 percent of the exports are destined for other European countries. ***P&T***

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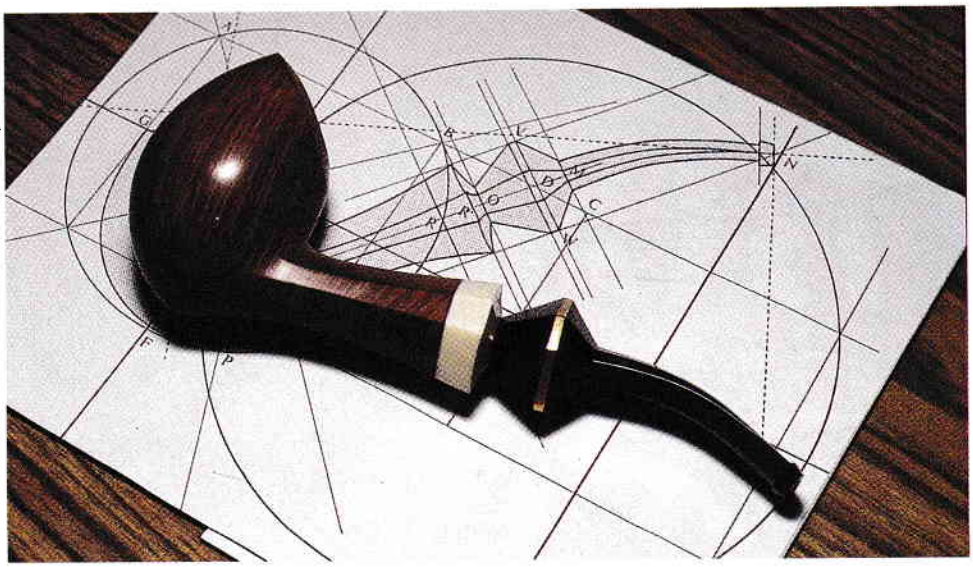
grams since, but has also appeared in movie and TV films.

Foulquier learned of the honor given him while on a trip to Brazil. He was quoted in the publication *Realites* as responding, "I would like to celebrate the event by packing one of my favorite pipes at 30,000 feet in the air between Paris and Buenos Aires, but this intimate moment is absolutely forbidden. So I have to content myself with nervously puffing on a golden-tipped English cigarette, the equivalent of having a brief encounter which will leave me with a better taste and a feeling of guilt thinking about my faithful companions—beautiful ones asleep cased in leather—who are patiently waiting to open to the caresses of my hand, ready to fill me with pleasure as soon as I take the first puff. I ask myself in conclusion, 'Is life without a pipe worth living?' One thing is sure, as long as there are men, the Saint-Claude pipe will have a beautiful life."

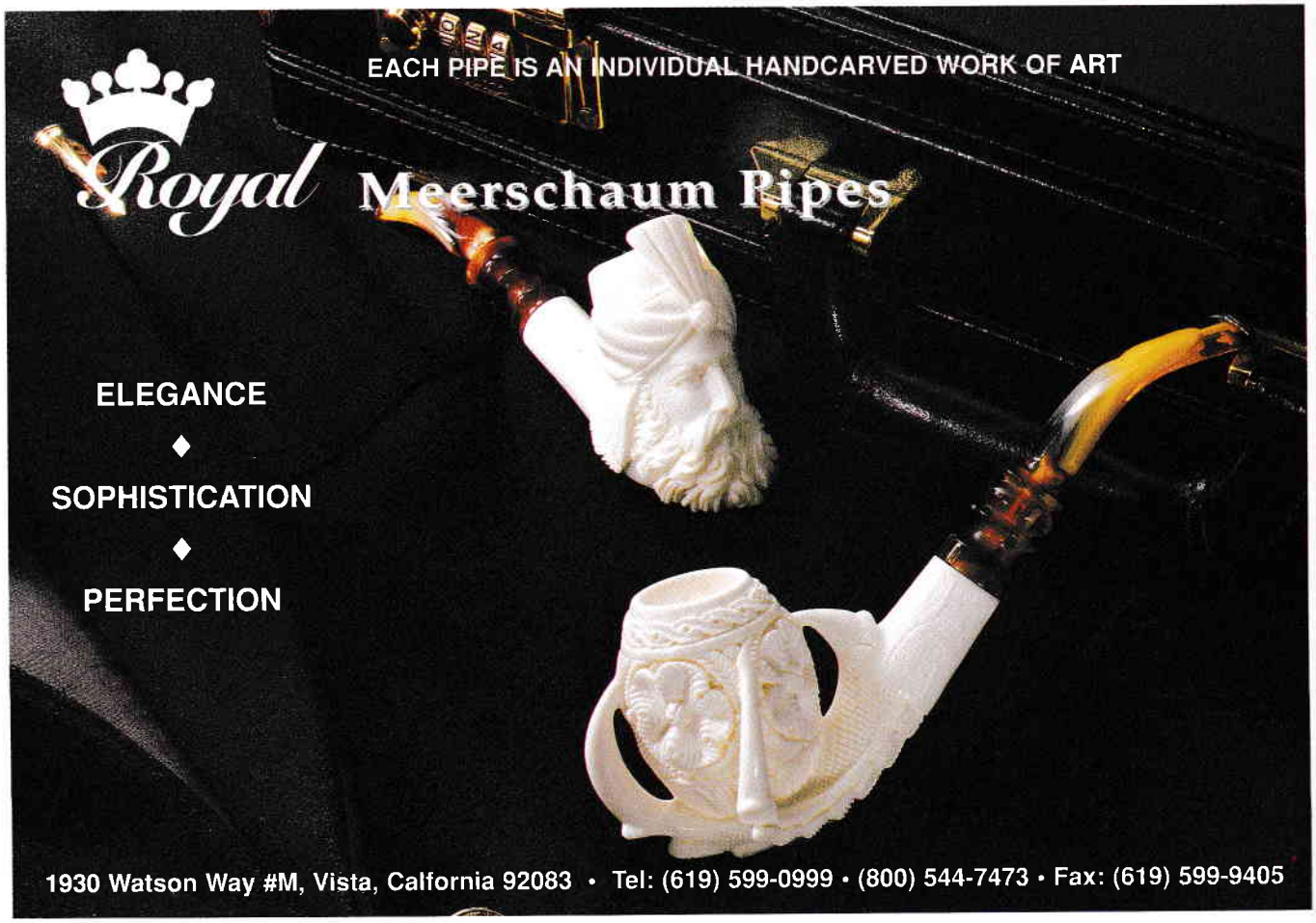
In true Saint-Claude tradition, the event closed with a gala dinner on Saturday evening. The guests were able to return to Paris on Sunday, this time via Bourg-en-Bresse, to catch the high-speed TGV. Bourg-en-Bresse is in the center of a region famous for its farm products—chickens in particular—on the fringe of the wine-growing Beaujolais district. ***P&T***

Photo by Laurent Chevret



Jean Albuisson was named the 1995 Outstanding Pipemaker of France. This remarkable example of his work follows the golden rules of design and engineering.

Jacques P. Cole has been associated with the tobacco trade all of his life. He worked first in the briar trade in Saint-Claude (GBD France) in 1948, then in London with Comoy's from 1958. He also worked with Charatan (pipes) and Flaminaire lighters. In 1980, he moved to the editorial side of the business. Cole lives in the U.K.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Disclaimer: I am not an expert, I'm just a guy who smokes a pipe. But I work for *Pipes and tobaccos* and can make long-distance phone calls all day long. So send me your questions and I'll do my best to track down the people who have the answers.

Many pipe smoking questions will have more than one answer, or it may be a matter of taste or opinion. If you disagree with, or have additional information pertaining to, any advice offered in this column, please write. This column should be foremost a smoker's forum, where we can share experiences and techniques with one another. Let's have some fun and learn new ways to enhance our enjoyment of pipe smoking.

Chuck Stanion

Q: I would like to try blending my own tobaccos. I have been smoking pipes for about six years and I want to experiment now. Where can I find a company that sells tobacco that is not already blended?

Also, I have a hard time reaming my pipes. Halfway through the reaming process the cake cracks a little bit. How can I prevent this?

Adam Cardone
New York, New York

We all inevitably try blending our own tobaccos, or at least tweaking our favorite blends; it's one of the great joys of pipe smoking. Combining favorite already-mixed blends can provide some satisfying results, though occasionally you'll end up with an awful amalgamation that makes you wheeze and dance and spray the nearest fire extinguisher into your mouth.

Any smoke shop should be able to order unblended tobaccos for you, and they probably have some on hand for their own blending.

Be forewarned, however. You are approaching an endeavor that has claimed the souls of more than a few good men: the quest for the perfect blend.

It starts innocently enough. Maybe you'll say, "I think I'll toss a little more Latakia into this Dunhill 965." Then, before you realize what's happening, you're taking time off from work so you can track down some 1988 vintage ribbon-cut Virginia tobacco and some Louisiana Perique from the southernmost growing quadrant; you're filling your garage with exotic flavoring agents from Nepal and flinging the refrigerator into the yard to make room for your homemade tobacco press.

I have a formerly rational friend who now lives in a tree and howls at the full moon, convinced that his secret wide-cut cavendish blend needs only the cooperation of lunar gravitational forces at 310 feet above sea level to reach perfection. So go slow, my friend, and smoke thoughtfully.

As for your problem with reaming out a good cake, there are several variables to consider. Different tobaccos will provide different cakes. I've noticed that English-style blends promote a harder cake than do aromatics. (Note: Anyone out there experience different results? Let us know.)

The type of reaming tool you use can make a big difference, too. Tools like the Pip Net or Holco Rohr's Senior Adjustable Pipe Reamer, which have four blades adjustable to different bowl circumferences, provide a much more consistently shaped tobacco chamber than the single reaming blade you'll find on most pipe tools. If you use too much pressure though, and try to do the job too quickly, you can still tear gaps out of the cake.

Another option is to roll a piece of fine sandpaper, grit side out, to the approximate circumference of your bowl, and try sanding the cake. Go slow, and don't sand the briar. Patience will repay you with an even, envy-inspiring cake.

Q: What are pipe stains made of? They would have to be nontoxic, permanent, and not impart any flavor to the tobacco. Is there any special technique required to apply the stain so it will withstand the high temperatures of the bowl?

Until your next issue, I will burn up a few more tobacco leaves and watch again my well-worn collection of Sherlock Holmes movies.

Thomas F. Allen
Severn, Maryland

Pipe stains are alcohol-based, and therefore safe (within reason—I wouldn't light my pipe while standing over a vat of alcohol-based wood stain), easy to use, and unobtrusive to the overall flavor of the pipe. Pipe stain can be applied with a brush or a clean cloth, remembering that, like any stain, the longer it stays on the wood before wiping it off, the darker and more pronounced the color imparted.

The stain is unaffected by the typical temperatures that pipes undergo. Of course, different pipemakers have different strategies for application. Dunhill, for example, flames their pipes, briefly igniting the stain when it is first applied.

Q: HELP! My husband has about 30 pipes (accumulated over many years) and the problem I have is that he usually leaves them lying on the coffee table in the family room. So far we have not been able to find a satisfactory way to store the ones he is not using (I'd just toss them all into a shoebox!). Many of them are handmade and don't fit into the standard pipe holders. Do you have any suggestions for us?

Bette Bair
Via Emai

It seems like most of the pipe racks available are still designed for the small, traditionally shaped straight-stemmed pipes that were about the only choice available to pipe smokers 60 years ago. With the popularity of larger freehands and Danish styles, you would think that pipe racks would alter accordingly. But that evolution has been slow.

Appropriate pipe furniture is available, however, and although it is often considerably more expensive, it is also considerably more beautiful. Smoke shops are generally very willing to special order such items for you, and have catalogs on hand to help you choose accessories. Mastro de Paja, Pipe Brebbia and Decatur Industries, for example, make a variety of fine pipe cabinets and holders that easily accommodate large pipes.

Some freehands are shaped so that they simply will not lean properly in any cabinet, especially those pipes with pointed heels. These pipes can be stored in holders made of wire mounted in different

...typically briar. Since the pipe is supported at its sides, with the bottom open, any shape will fit in these holders.

And, of course, any number of inexpensive homemade projects can be fashioned, from decorative loops of cloth thumbtacked to a cork board, to handmade ceramic and carved wood holders.

Sometimes you can just find things around the house. My wife was once flabbergasted to discover her great-grandmother's antique china gravy boat on the mantle, holding a particularly large freeband Radice I'm fond of. It fit perfectly, but my wife thought otherwise, and I've since found other accommodations for that pipe.

If any readers would like to submit their own solutions to pipe storage problems, we'd love to share them.

Q: How can I remove the yellow (sulphur) oxidation from my rubber pipestems?

William Fisher
Scottsdale, Arizona

An unending problem. First, try to keep your pipes out of the sun, as sunlight will accelerate the discoloration. But eventually those pipestems will start turning green and yellow, regardless.

There are several methods for cleaning stems—unfortunately, none are perfect. I've tried toothpaste, with its mild abrasive properties, as well as 000 steel wool. A buffing wheel, with tripoli buffing compound, is the quickest remedy, though some stems are so tarnished that they will never return to a glossy black. (One warning here: some collectors feel that tripoli is too coarse, and recommend an even finer compound.) Always be careful not to polish the tenon, because you risk making the stem loose.

When heroic measures are necessary, you may want to try the following advice from Steve Banks, who submitted it to Steve Masticola's *Pipes Digest* online (http://www.pipes.org, article #167.014):

The best way to get rid of that ugly brown oxidation on fine vulcanite stems is as follows:

If your pipe stem has any logo with paint stamped into the bit, cover the stamp with a little Vaseline or Chapstick type of wax. This will protect the stamp. Then soak your stems in undiluted household bleach for about an hour. They will bubble a little, but that's OK.

After they have soaked, remove them and rinse extremely well, using lots of pipe cleaners. Then buff the stem with a good polish. I use a metal polish found in motorcycle shops called Simichrome. Your stem will have that brand-new deep black gloss you've missed.

I have found on older vulcanite (like pipes from the '50s) this treatment will roughen and slightly pit the surface. This is OK, but you have to be prepared to spend a lot more time in polishing the stem. Out of my 50 some odd pipes this happened to only two of them, but nothing a buffing wheel couldn't handle.

If Steve's method is more than you wish to tackle, remember that many pipe shops offer pipe-cleaning services, and those that do not can send your pipes out for professional cleaning and refurbishing.

Q: I am told that both Balkan Sobranie "Original Smoking Mixture" and "759" are no longer made. Are they still available? If so, where? If not, what might you suggest as the best substitute?

Thomas Blevins
Edgecomb, Maine

Balkan Sobranie is still being made, but is no longer being imported into the United States. There is a distributor, however, who says they have exactly the same blends, marketed under the name Balkan Sasieni. Your local smoke shop can order it for you through James B. Russell Inc.

Q: I subscribed to your excellent magazine after buying the first issue at my local tobacco shop, and I will continue to do so as long as you publish. I was wondering if you recommend smoking only one style of tobacco for each briar pipe.

Also I always try to smoke all the tobacco in my pipe but the last one-eighth to one-fourth inch is very hard to keep burning, and does not taste so good. Is it necessary to finish this to have a proper cake in my pipe?

Stephen Notte
Glenolden, Pennsylvania

It's really a matter of personal preference. Pipes do take on the flavor of the tobaccos smoked in them. I have bought estate pipes, and even after cleaning them thoroughly, reaming out and soaking the bowls in alcohol and salt, I could still recognize the blend smoked by the former owner. So if you like to taste only the pure flavor of the particular tobacco you are smoking, it would be best to limit your pipes to individual blends.

If you smoke lots of different blends, you have a great excuse to buy more pipes. Or you can break them into categories, like aromatic and English. But you can get more detailed, dividing your blends into Virginias, burleys, orientals, aromatics, and those containing Latakia. You just have to ask yourself if you can taste the different blends you smoke in any particular pipe, and whether or not that bothers you.

As for smoking the entire bowl of tobacco down to the end: that is a matter for debate, and we'd like to hear from our readers on the subject. In "The Ultimate Pipe Book," Richard Hacker advises that it is very important to smoke the entire bowl so that the cake will build evenly, and the pipe heat uniformly throughout.

Some people enjoy the challenge of building "perfect cake" right down to the bottom of the bowl. To do so, however, you'll have to smoke more slowly, and use a dry tobacco blend. Otherwise, the dottle at the end of your smoke will be too moist to burn.

Personally, I stop smoking when it stops tasting good; I just don't see the value in ending a great smoke with a bad taste in my mouth. I have a few pipes that smoke so well that the tobacco is completely gone before I realize I'm close to the end. But if it starts tasting rank I give up on that last one-eighth inch, and find the cake builds very lightly at the bottom of the pipe. If you keep your pipe reamed, with the cake about the thickness of a penny, the difference in cake thickness should not be damaging.

However, we'd like to hear the differing opinions of our readers on this subject. We'll keep you posted on reader reaction as the mail comes in.

P&T Answers is written by Associate Editor Chuck Stanion. The column reflects both research and opinion. We welcome questions, comments and disagreements, all of which may be sent to: P&T Answers, SpecComm International, 3000 Highwoods Blvd., Suite 300, Raleigh, NC 27604-1029. Fax: 919.876.6531. Email: speccomm@interserv.com

Peterson of Dublin

An unlikely combination of immigrants to Ireland started what has become a 132-year tradition in pipemaking

by Dayton H. Matlick

Ireland—the island of fable—is known for many things: Saint Patrick, shamrocks, tall tales and the brilliantly green grass of its central plain that makes it the "emerald isle." Irish whiskey and Bailey's Irish Cream. A laughing, singing people who enjoy the companionship of a comfortable pub. And handmade items of quality, including Waterford crystal and world-renowned Peterson pipes.

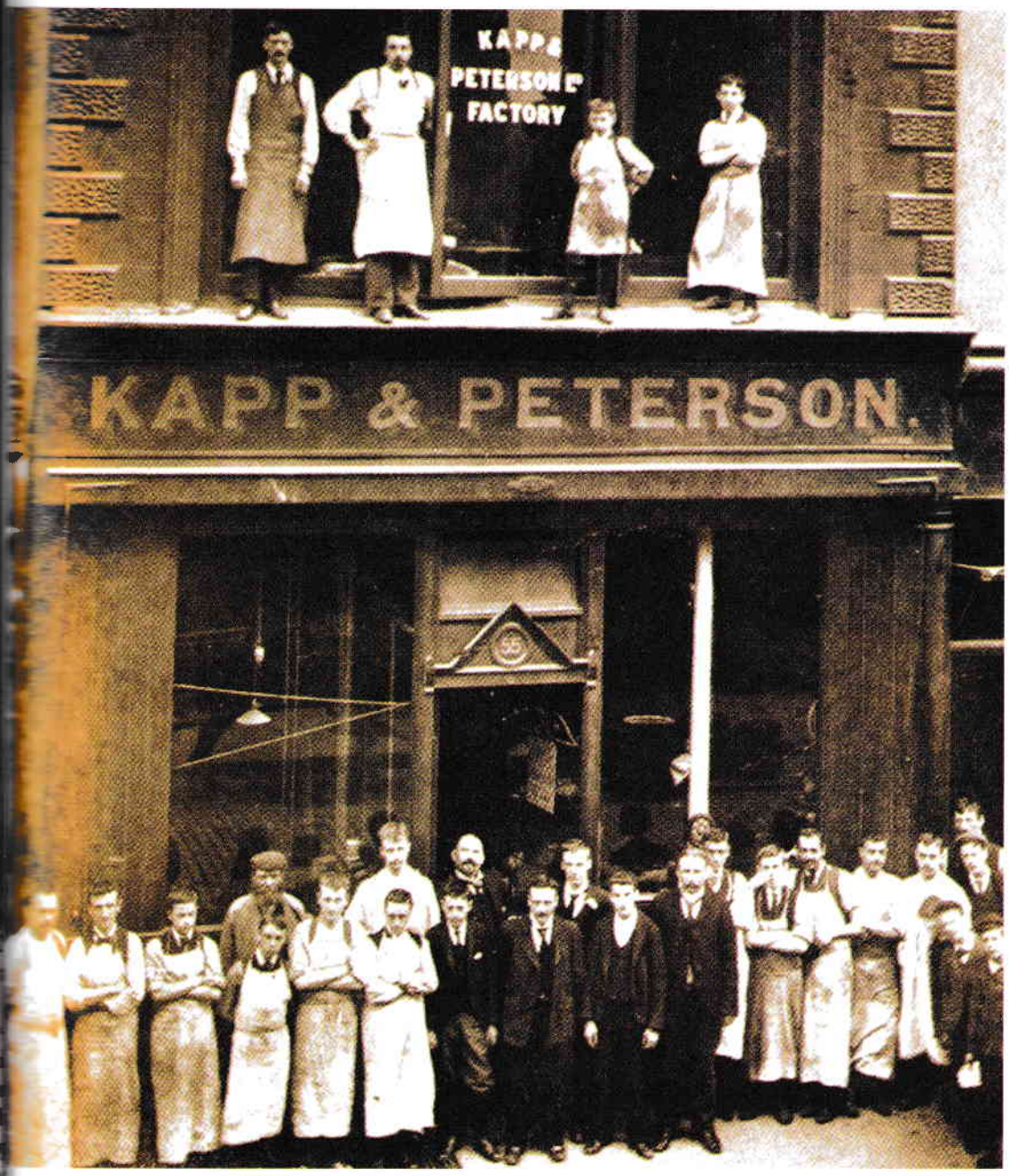
My search for Kapp and Peterson, a company that has served the world's pipe lovers for 132 years, takes me to Dublin, halfway up the east coast of Ireland, facing the Irish Sea.

Just a half a block away from the hotel on Harcourt Street is St. Stephens Green, a beautiful park surrounded by a graceful wrought-iron fence that preserves a peaceful, green refuge. It was within a few blocks of this green that Kapp and later Kapp and Peterson began pipemaking in this fair city. But, before we get too heavily into history and background, and with this being a story about Ireland and the Irish, first there are a couple of tales that have to be told.

When you visit Kapp and Peterson, stories are what you mainly find. No neatly pigeon-holed histories. No bound volumes. No file drawers full of background. And after the stories, there are often more questions than before.

The first tale starts with two brothers, Frederick and Heinrich Kapp, who emigrated from Nuremberg, Germany, to Dublin in the late 1850s, where they opened a pipe shop on Grafton Street. Then, in the mid-1860s, a Latvian immigrant named Charles Peterson appeared on the scene.

The fact that these three men ended up migrating to Ireland at this time in history raises many questions of its own. The disastrous Irish



Charles Peterson and the Kapp brothers formed Kapp and Peterson in 1865. The picture of Peterson on the opposite page was taken in 1890. The accompanying cutline referred to him as "inventor and manager." By 1895, the company had grown and prospered, as indicated by the picture, left, taken at 55 Grafton Street in Dublin. But the best was yet to come.

to Famine took place in 1845-49. Nearly a on Irish died of starvation and disease during s catastrophe; another 1.6 million emigrated ween 1847 and 1854. The only guess about reasons why these three individuals swam nst the stream is that they may have been in emigration pipeline between Europe and the ited States, but for reasons of their own cut r voyage short.

But, back to the story....

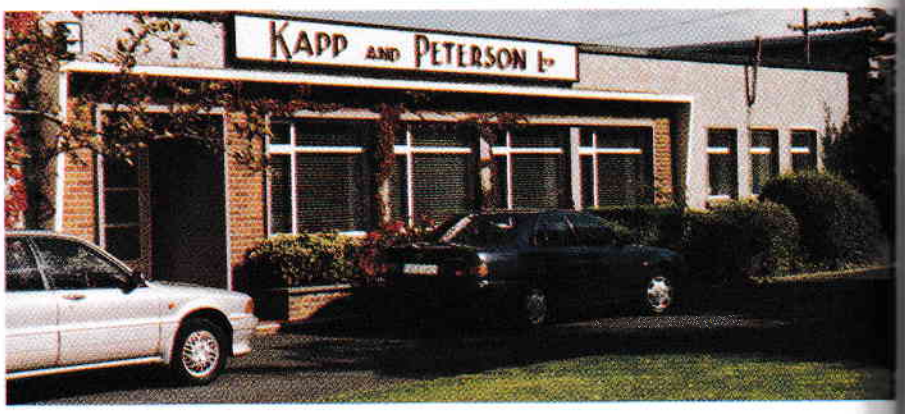
Apparently, Peterson, perhaps a stonemason, s walking near St. Stephens Green, when he ssed the Kapp brothers' window, behind which an was making pipes. After watching for a tracted period of time, Peterson marched rminedly through the door and demanded to the proprietor. "See, here," the story goes, "I make better pipes than that!"

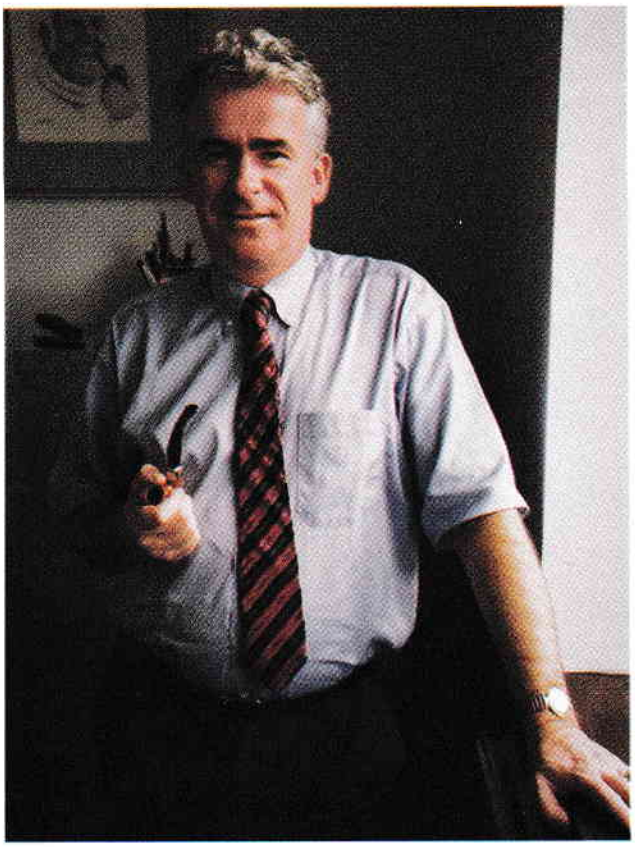
That assertion eventually led to the creation of Kapp and Peterson Ltd. in 1865.

The union between these two transplanted European families started what has become a worldwide reputation for high-quality pipes; a tradition that continues strongly toward the new millennium.

A short, second tale leaps a generation into the future when a tourist in search of the Kapp and Peterson factory asks a Dublin policeman for directions. After a long, puzzled moment, the lightbulb goes on and he responds, "Oh, and why didn't you say so. You're looking for Captain Peterson, the man who invented smoking!"

As the company grew more and more famous over the years, memory of the original role played by the Kapp brothers in founding the company almost disappeared, while the stature of "Captain" Peterson has grown to almost mythical proportions. ▶





Much of this fame can be traced back to the creation of the Peterson System, patented in 1894. Peterson created a reservoir within an enlarged stem to capture the moisture that results from smoking a pipe. The moisture condenses and drains into the reservoir, guaranteeing a dry, pleasant smoke. This combined, among other innovations, with a unique mouthpiece in which the air hole opens on the top, rather than straight out the end. Air is drawn toward the roof of the mouth, rather than the back.

When System pipes were exhibited the very next year at the International Tobacco Trades Exhibition of 1895 in France, Peterson won gold medals for best finished pipe and best patent pipe.

Pipes made using the Peterson System totaled 30 percent of the company's half-a-million-plus annual pipe production during the company's halcyon years. More than 100 years after its patent was recorded, it still makes up 10 to 15 percent of the company's annual pipe sales.

Since 1865, Kapp and Peterson have moved only a few times. The first factory was on King Street, just around the corner from St. Stephens Green. You reached the sales shop on Grafton Street through back doors. In 1902, the factory moved to 114 St. Stephens Green, where it remained until 1972.

The "new" location can be reached by driving southeast from Dublin about 10 miles, along the coast toward the port city of Dun Laoghaire. From there it is only about a mile to the town of Sallynoggin. Also within a short drive of Sallynoggin is the 5,000-year-old port of Dalkey.

Shortly after my arrival at Kapp and Peterson, I had the good fortune to fall under the guidance of Patrick (call me Paddy, call me Pat, as long as you don't call me too early in the morning) Larrigan, a master in his own right both at making pipes and spinning yarns, especially about Kapp and Peterson.

Paddy's tale starts with Peterson himself, who taught James Malone the craft of pipemaking, starting when Malone was only 14 years old. In 1946, at the age of 69 and with 55 years of experience, Malone took on Paddy Larrigan as a seven-year apprentice. They worked closely together for three years before Malone passed to his Great Reward at the age of 72. From then until now, 51 years later, Paddy has been with Kapp

Even in the fall, the grass is green and the flowers beautiful at Sallynoggin, where you can meet Tom Palmer (left), president of Kapp and Peterson, and Paddy Larrigan, who cut the models for the Sherlock Holmes Classic Edition. After passing through the offices, you reach the factory area where 20 people work creating Peterson pipes.

and Peterson. Although semi-retired today with a shorter work week, he is still an essential part of the pipemaking company. Among other responsibilities, Paddy plays a key role in the product development process at Peterson. His creativity and knowledge of pipemaking have been invaluable resources in the creation of new series of pipes or the adaptation of older models.

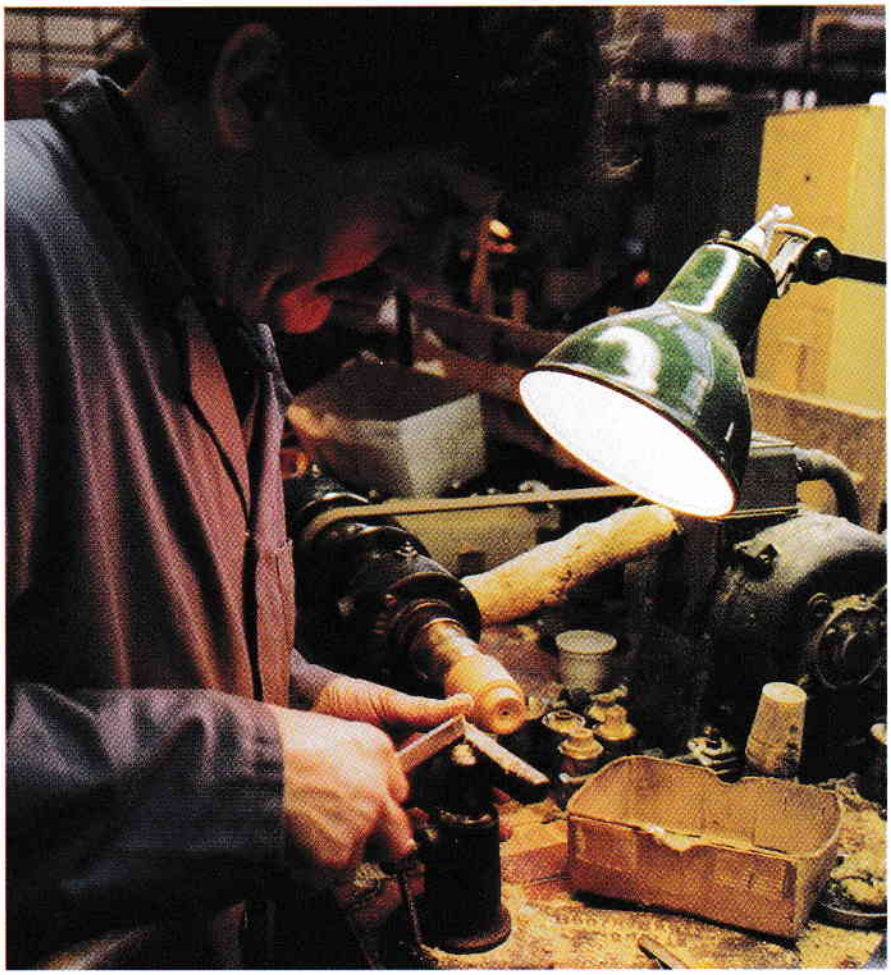
When you come into the factory, you are immediately surrounded by drawings, paintings and memorabilia collected over 100-plus years. One of the treasures pointed out by Paddy is a big birthday scroll prepared for Heinrich Kapp, dated 1916. There, among the signatures are those of Paddy's parents, before their marriage. Although Paddy's father moved into the printing business soon after the scroll was signed, the seed was planted for his son.

Even though his teacher died well before the end of the seven-year program, Paddy had learned enough to do most of the jobs required of him.

When he started, Paddy was first trained in turning bowls on a lathe. After becoming proficient with a chisel, he advanced to turning vulcanite to make mouthpieces, all done by hand. When he added boring stems for the mouthpieces, he qualified as a turner and a fitter. A valuable stint in "repairs and rectifications," including experience working with amber and meerschaum, enabled him to become a full-fledged pipemaker by the mid-1950s.

An opportunity for Paddy and Peterson came in 1987 with the 100th anniversary of the publication of the first Sherlock Holmes novel. A few years previously, Paddy had designed a pipe that turned out to be ideal for a 100th anniversary calabash pipe. Sales took off! Enough orders came rolling in that the company took notice. Management decided to produce a seven-day pipe set, with a new pipe introduced every six months. It was Paddy's job to create each of those new shapes and coach the people in the factory on producing them. It was 1991 before the seven-day Sherlock Holmes series was completed.

In the heydays of the 1970s, before the health scare and anti-smoking campaigns, the factory had grown until it had 120 people working on the factory floor. Today, the number of people making pipes has dropped to about 20, reflecting the



Gold and silver have been important touches available on Peterson pipes for years. Most of the work is done by David Blake, above, and an assistant. Boxwood blanks are turned on a lathe to the exact dimensions of the pipe—each pipe is different. Then the metal is worked to a perfect fit. Grading of pipes is done by Tony Whelan and Tony Whelan. That's right, they are unrelated, but have the same names. To make things even more confusing, at one time both of their wives worked at the same electronics store.

industry's considerable drop in pipe production. However, with its existing facilities Peterson has the potential of being a significant player in any major expansion in the quality segment of the world pipe market.

Once a person becomes a Peterson employee, like Paddy, he or she has a tendency to stay. Most of the people making pipes there have been with the company between 20 and 30 years. Three talented new apprentices are the only workers with two years or less in longevity.

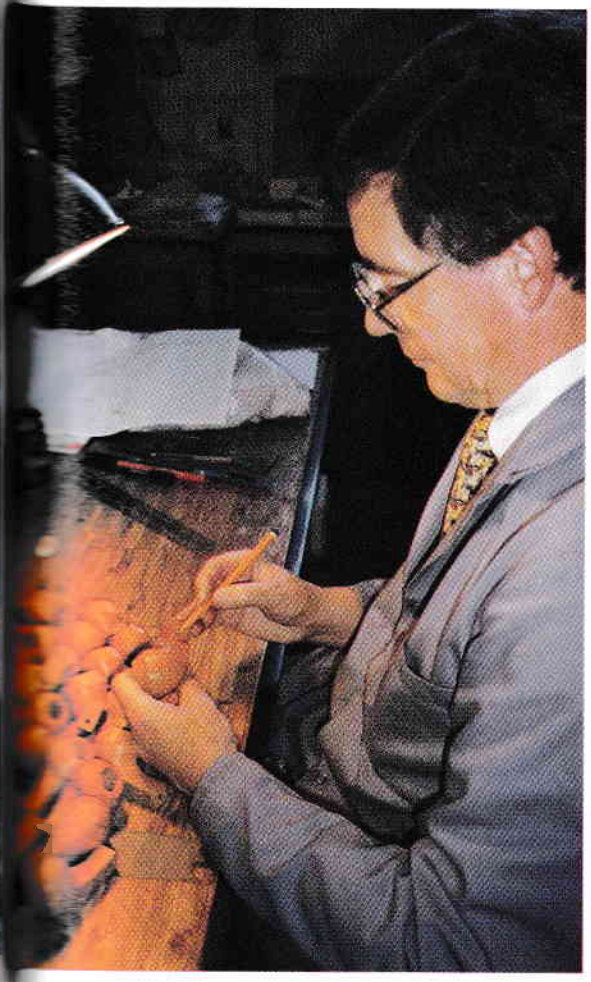
The briar for this enterprise comes primarily from Morocco and Spain, with some occasionally from Greece. Blocks generally arrive completely dried and with the general shapes already cut out according to Peterson's specifications.

In the fall of 1992, with the owners advanced in age and looking toward retirement, Peterson's was bought by Tom Palmer. He serves as the managing director and owner of this long-established and internationally known pipe manufacturer.

Under his guidance, Peterson started a second seven-day Sherlock Holmes series and has released the fifth pipe in the series, with new models produced every six to nine months. In 1996, Peterson also launched the Old English Collection featuring a set of 12 pipes, re-created using original designs from the 1930s and 1940s. Each pipe is mounted with a gold-plated band. The small, refined bowl sizes reflect the preferred taste of the era. Each set of pipes is available in a special presentation box featuring photographer Bill Brandt's "Garden Party at Harrow, the English at Home, 1936."

Prior to purchasing the company, Palmer had been employed in the banking and food industries. "I was basically like a lot of people—harboring ambitions to do my own thing. When I looked into the company, I found a relatively small company with a fantastic heritage. Our task is to develop the business without ever losing sight of that matchless heritage."

The development Palmer mentioned not only includes new series of Peterson pipes, but also the development of a classic range of pipe and cigar accessories. In 1995, Peterson also introduced four pipe tobaccos. The tobaccos are University Flake, Sherlock Holmes, Irish Oak and Irish whiskey. The tobaccos are made by Murray, a



old, established firm located in Belfast.

The Peterson Smoker's Guild was established in Spring 1996. Each member receives his own personal copy of the Smoker's Guild on a biannual basis with details of the latest Peterson products, plus interesting lifestyle features. (To apply, send your name, address, date of birth and occupation to Peterson, Peterson House, Sallynoggin, Co. Dublin, Ireland. Indicate whether you smoke pipes, cigars or both.)

And, like Kapp and Peterson of a hundred years ago, they once again offer cigars and cigar products under the Peterson name, made this time in the Dominican Republic. Palmer points out that there are pipe smokers who enjoy an occasional cigar, and cigar smokers who relish an occasional bowl of tobacco. The two are not seen as being in competition, but rather two complementary markets.

"When we show people how blocks of briar from the Mediterranean are changed into things of beauty and sources of pleasure, it is a little bit like describing magic," says Palmer. "It's a tactile business. The pipes are made by hand and smoked by hand. There is basically a lot of romance and mystery about pipemaking and pipesmoking.

"It is also appropriate that our pipes are made in Ireland, a country famous for our high-quality, handcrafted products. Today, there is a greater appreciation for 'works of art,' like our pipes, than ever before. People aren't satisfied with the millionth version of a product. They want something worthy of their pride and appreciation. And that, in turn, builds our pride in the products we produce."

Peterson's has experienced an increase in pipe sales over the last 18 months, with a considerable amount of that increase coming from the United States. But sales are worldwide, including strong growth in Eastern Europe. "We're now sending our products to the Czech Republic, Hungary, Poland and Russia. Recently, I received a letter from a businessman in Latvia who wishes to distribute the Peterson brand. It is ironic that after 130 years we have gone full circle. Pipes will now be sold from a company made famous by a Latvian immigrant back to the country of his birth."

The Kapps and Charles Peterson made decisions to settle in Dublin more than 100 years ago. Whatever those reasons, they found some friendly people who live life with exuberance. And they created a company that fits well into the Irish reputation for creating quality products for customers whom they treat as personal friends. ***P&T***

PETERSON NOMENCLATURE

The Peterson pipe range is extensive. It includes approximately 60 classic shapes, plus 15 shapes available in the Peterson System.

The highest quality is found in Gold Spigot, Straight Grain and Supreme, followed by Silver Spigot and the Sherlock Holmes series.

Some of the other popular pipes provided by Peterson include: Sterling Silver and Donegal. Standard systems popular in the U.S. also include Emerald, Emerald Smooth, Killarney, Limerick and Irish Whiskey. Specialty pipes include Churchwarden, Calabash, Barrel, Tankard and Sport. Suggested retail prices range from $50 to $1,000.

The shape number of each pipe is indicated on the pipe. Replacements can be ordered by quoting the appropriate pipe number.

The most popular Peterson shapes are billiards, straight and bent.

If your local tobacconist does not carry Peterson pipes or accessories, contact U.S. Peterson distributor Hollco-Rohr, 20717 Marilla Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Telephone: 818.885.0850.

Driven artist soars

The early years of Salvador Dali's provocative career reflected heavily the influence of pipes and pipe smoking

by Paul Chimera

Dali, as he saw himself as a 17-year-old, is shown in this 1921 painting titled "Self Portrait." The oil painting measures 14 by 16 inches and is owned by the Salvador Dali Museum in St. Petersburg, Florida.

The popular images in surrealist artist Salvador Dali's paintings were pretty bizarre: melting watches...flaming giraffes...ubiquitous houseflies...smoking pipes.

Pipes?

Absolutely. While Dali's purely surrealist period—about 1929 to 1945—did not include any pipe-smoking figures, his formative, pre-surrealist years featured a number of key works that put the pipe front and center.

Dali had his father to thank for his focus on pipe smoking in at least three major paintings from this early period, plus a host of fine preliminary pencil and ink studies.

One of the most important figures in any young boy's life is his father, and Dali was no exception. Born in 1904 in Figueres, Spain, less than 100 miles northeast of Barcelona, Dali enjoyed more than normal parental attention.

Tragically, Dali's parents first had a son, also named Salvador, who died of meningitis at the age of 21 months. Precisely nine months and 10 days later, the second Salvador was born—this one destined to live to 84, and to become one of the great artistic figures of our time.

But Dali's parents, in much despair over their loss, spoiled him, indulging his often mischievous though precociously creative temperament.

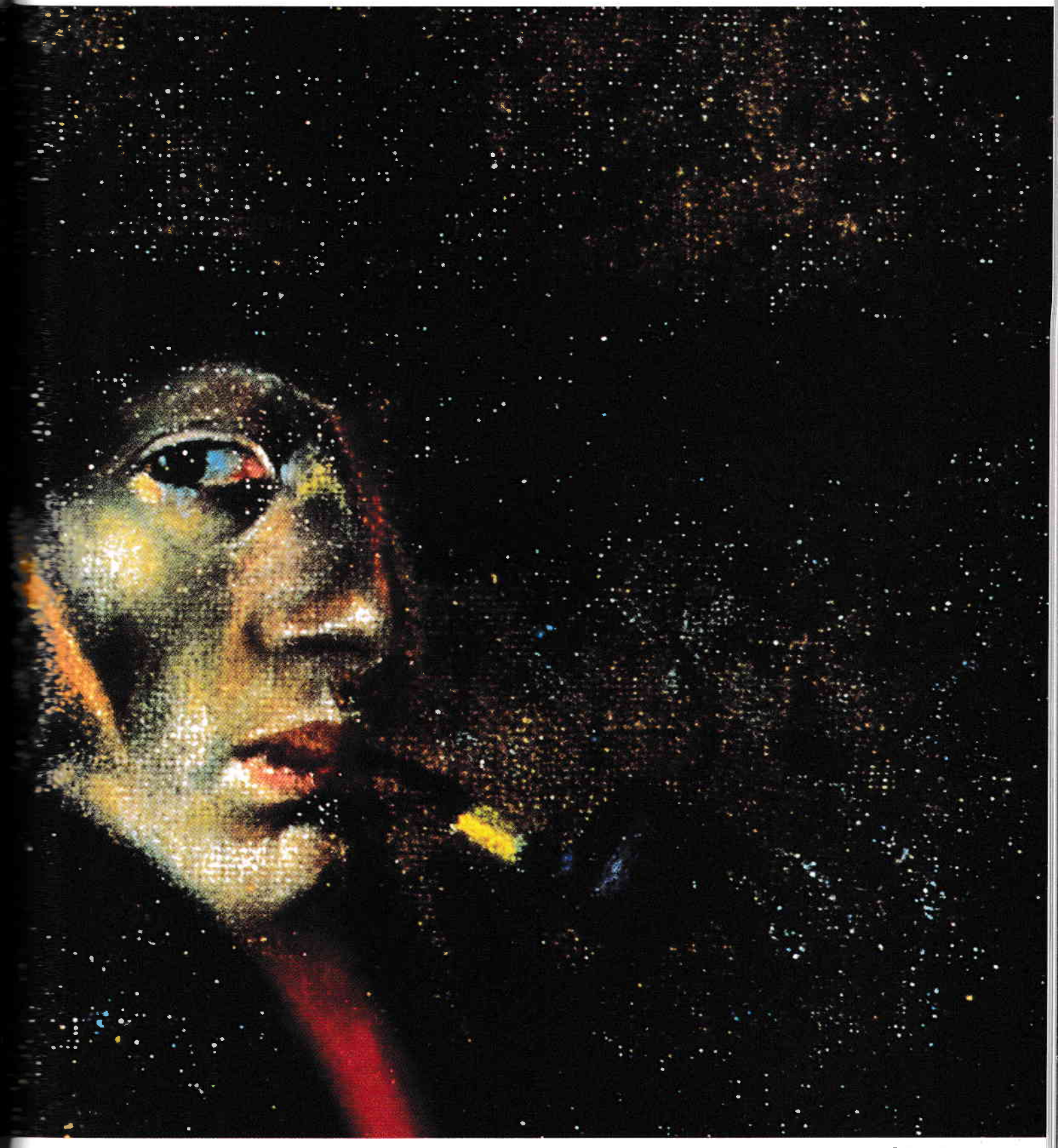
Dali's father, Don Salvador Dali i Cusi, was the province's notary. Spanish notaries at that time were empowered to act in a wide variety of financial estate management and trust, fiduciary and escrow matters, if not licensed to plead in the courts. He was highly esteemed.

And like his excitable and imaginative son, the senior Dali was considered a free thinker. As a result, instead of Salvador being enrolled in a religious school—which, for people of the Dalis' social standing would have been customary—he was sent to the Escuela Publica de Parvulos de Figueres (municipal kindergarten).

The boy wasted little time in establishing a personality all his own. Scholars, in fact, generally agree that, because his parents prominently hung a picture of the deceased brother in their bedroom, and relentlessly compared the two—

> All the eccentricities which I commit, all the incoherent displays are the tragic fixity of my life."
>
> —*S. Dali*

to new heights



All of the major portraits Dali painted of his father showed him either smoking or holding a pipe. In this painting, "Portrait of My Father," Dali reveals some of his feelings about the elder Dali. The female figure in the background, perhaps his sister, Ana Maria, seems poised to flee. The painting and sketch are located in the Fundació Gala-Salvador Dalí, Figueres, Spain.

much to the surviving boy's dismay—Dali always felt he had to aggressively establish a separate identity.

"All the eccentricities which I commit, all the incoherent displays are the tragic fixity of my life," Dali would later declare. "I wish to prove to myself that I am not the dead brother, but the living one."

Dali's father, too, was an arresting personality. He was a large man, confident, bold in demeanor and appearance, a high-profile citizen of Figueres, located on Spain's Costa Brava. The luminous terrain of this beautiful region near the south of France would show up repeatedly in Dali's diverse canvases.

The painter's early works, mainly from the 1920s, embraced many fine landscapes, and plenty of portraits.

A favorite subject was his pipe-smoking father and some trenchant self-portraits as well.

One in particular, titled simply "Self Portrait" (1921, oil on canvas, 37 x 42 cm, Dali Museum, St. Petersburg, Florida), will be of special interest to *Pipes and tobaccos*' readers.

This important picture, executed by the then-17-year-old Dali, gives us a revealing look at how, even at such a young age, he fancied himself as a kind of roguish dandy—suave, handsome and a bit mysterious.

The wide-brimmed hat, poignant gaze and, yes, the prominent pipe jutting from his lips, all converge to create a moody, telling and delightful self-portrait. It clearly anticipated his later affinity for flamboyance and enigma. And it began to show signs of the tight precision that would always typify Dali's technique.

Meryle Secrest, in her 1986 biography of Salvador Dali (Dali, E.P. Dutton, New York), noted, "Photographs testify that he was exceptionally handsome, with finely cut features, mesmeric eyes, and a shock of thick black hair. Like most young artists of the period, he wore his hair untidily long. His sideburns were exaggerated and he invariably had a pipe (his father, it should be noted, was a pipe smoker) dangling from the corner of his mouth, although it was never lit."

Clearly, Dali saw the pipe as a prop of sorts, adding to the kind of dashing, sophisticated, decidedly different persona he would cultivate all his life.

And, surely, Dali was inspired to sport the smoking implement from having had an avid pipe smoker for a father. In fact, all of the major portraits he made of his dad showed him either smoking or holding a pipe.

Take, for example, the large oil on canvas, "Portrait of My Father" of 1925 (104.5 x 104.5 cm, Museum of Modern Art, Barcelona). The

pipe in the sitter's hand is so prominent a focal point that it invites us to peer inside it—anticipating, as we're wont to do with Dali paintings, that there just might be some hidden image lurking in the bowl.

On the whole, "Portrait of My Father" depicts a commanding presence of the elder Dali, positioned high in the composition, a stern look on his face.

Some say Señor Dali was not altogether thrilled with the treatment by his son here, especially given the questionable placement of his right hand.

In another canvas with the same title, painted five years earlier, the 16-year-old artist showed his father with his pipe dangling from his hand. Here again, he's portrayed as a larger-than-life figure, looming over a colorful landscape, lit by the Mediterranean sun, and contrasting with the brightness in his dark, "official" businessman's attire.

A female figure in the background, poised as if to flee, might be Dali's younger sister, Ana Maria (herself the subject of numerous Dali portraits)—or someone else from the community who's nevertheless in awe (fear?) of the towering, pipe-clutching man.

As it turned out, Dali and his father would have a long period of estrangement, beginning around 1929, when Dali met Elena Diakinoff, the Russian wife of celebrated French poet Paul Eluard.

Known simply as Gala, and considered the muse of the principal surrealist artists and writers of Parisian cafe society, Gala wasted little time in capturing Dali's attentions. And vice versa. Indeed, she would soon leave Eluard for the young, eccentric, but highly promising Catalan artist.

When Dali left provincial Figueres for the creative allure of Paris, where he would eventually meet Picasso and Miro, his father began to have serious misgivings about him.

For one thing, Dali and Gala became, well, quite an item. She was 10 years his senior. And since her reputation was less than virtuous, Dali's father did not spare his feelings of disapproval over their liaison.

When added to his earlier rage over his son's expulsion from the San Fernando School of Fine Arts in Madrid—where his artistic work was brilliant but his personal and political conduct was deemed insubordinate—his father had no qualms about disowning him.

Finally, when Dali and Gala set up housekeeping in a small fishing hut in the picturesque hamlet of Port Lligat at the farthest-most northeastern tip of Spain, it only solidified his father's disdain for them both. (Gala and Dali eventually married in not one but two formal ceremonies, the first in 1934.)

This growing acrimony between artist and father surely influenced the somewhat less-than-flattering depiction of him in the portraits mentioned earlier.

Such strained relations, however, don't seem to have affected several interesting studies Dali made of his father and other family members—most of which again show his father inseparable from the pipe he obviously enjoyed so well.

In a 1920 pencil and ink on paper sketch, a preparatory study for the painting, "My Family," he shows dad seated with pipe in mouth. And in studies for both of the major, aforementioned oil portraits, his father's pipe is ever-present.

Interestingly, pipes show up in a number of other important, pre-surrealist Dali works—indicating without question the impact that fatherly fixture had on Dali's paintings.

In "Large Harlequin and Small Bottle of Rum" (1925, oil on canvas, 198 x 149 cm, Museum Nacional Centro de Arte, Reina Sofia, Madrid), the stick-figure character has a pipe jutting cartoon-like from its Picasso-esque face. Indeed, the cubistic texture of this work reveals the undeniable influence of Dali's compatriot, Pablo Picasso.

Then, in the same year, "Venus and Sailor (Homage to Salvat-Papasseit)" (oil on canvas, 216 x 147 cm, Ikeda Museum of 20th Century Art, Shizuoka-Ken, Japan), shows a casually posed, faceless sailor holding a full-bodied woman with his right arm, and a pipe in his left hand.

Here again, Dali's nod to Picasso is unmistakable. And we can reasonably speculate that the faceless sailor is, in Dali's fantasy, Dali himself—borrowing that fatherly pipe as a symbol of his worldliness.

Another person who had a great influence on Dali, from the time they met as students at art school in Madrid, was the famed poet, Federico Garcia-Lorca.

Dali did several portraits of Lorca, including a fairly facile ink on paper of 1926-27, showing the writer with a pipe in his mouth.

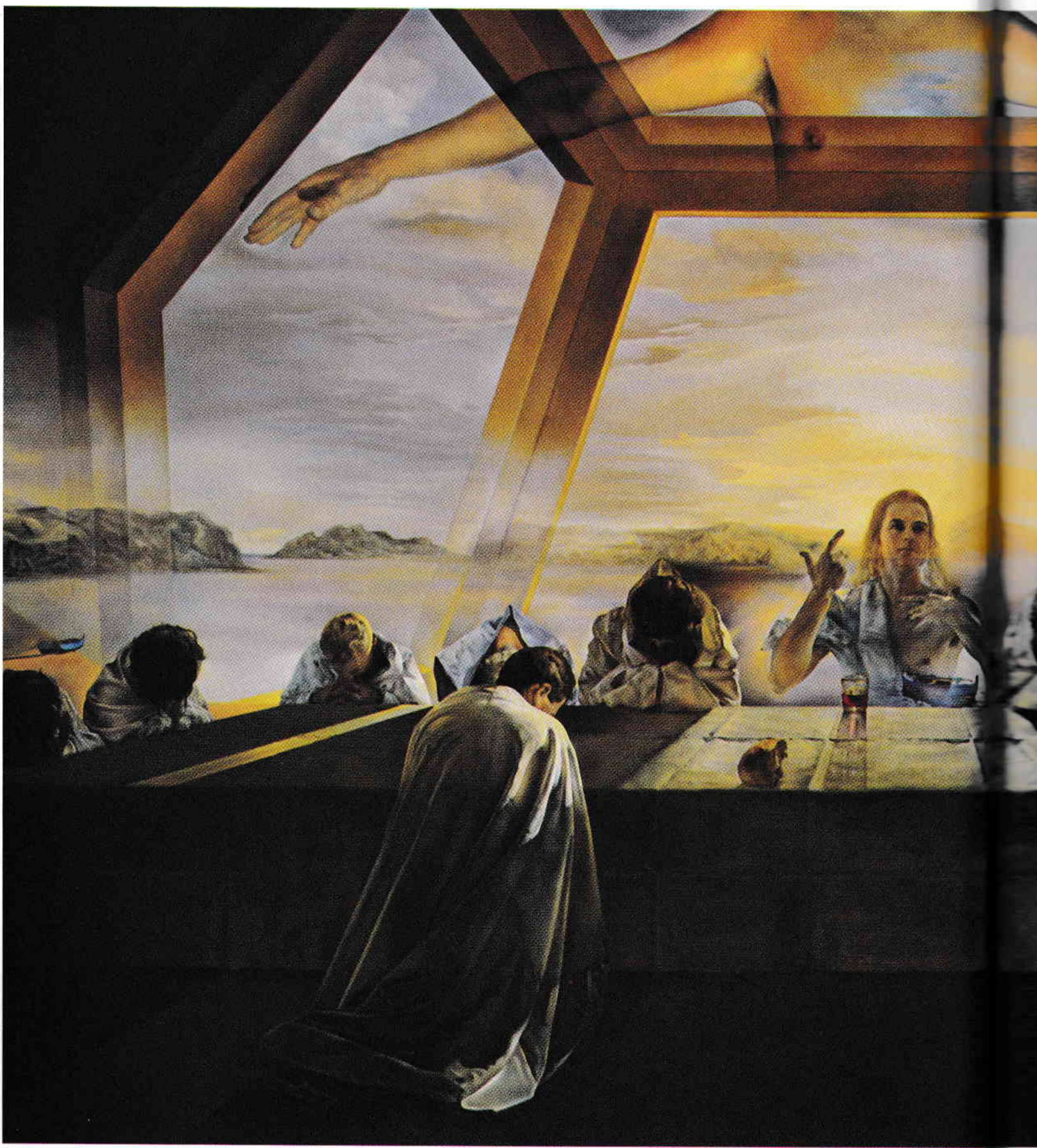
The 22.2 x 16 cm drawing is in the collection of the Fundacio Gala-Salvador Dali, which operates the Dali Museum in Dali's birthplace of Figueres. (The first Dali Museum is located in St. Petersburg, Florida, and houses the largest single collection of Dali's works, including 95 oil paintings.)

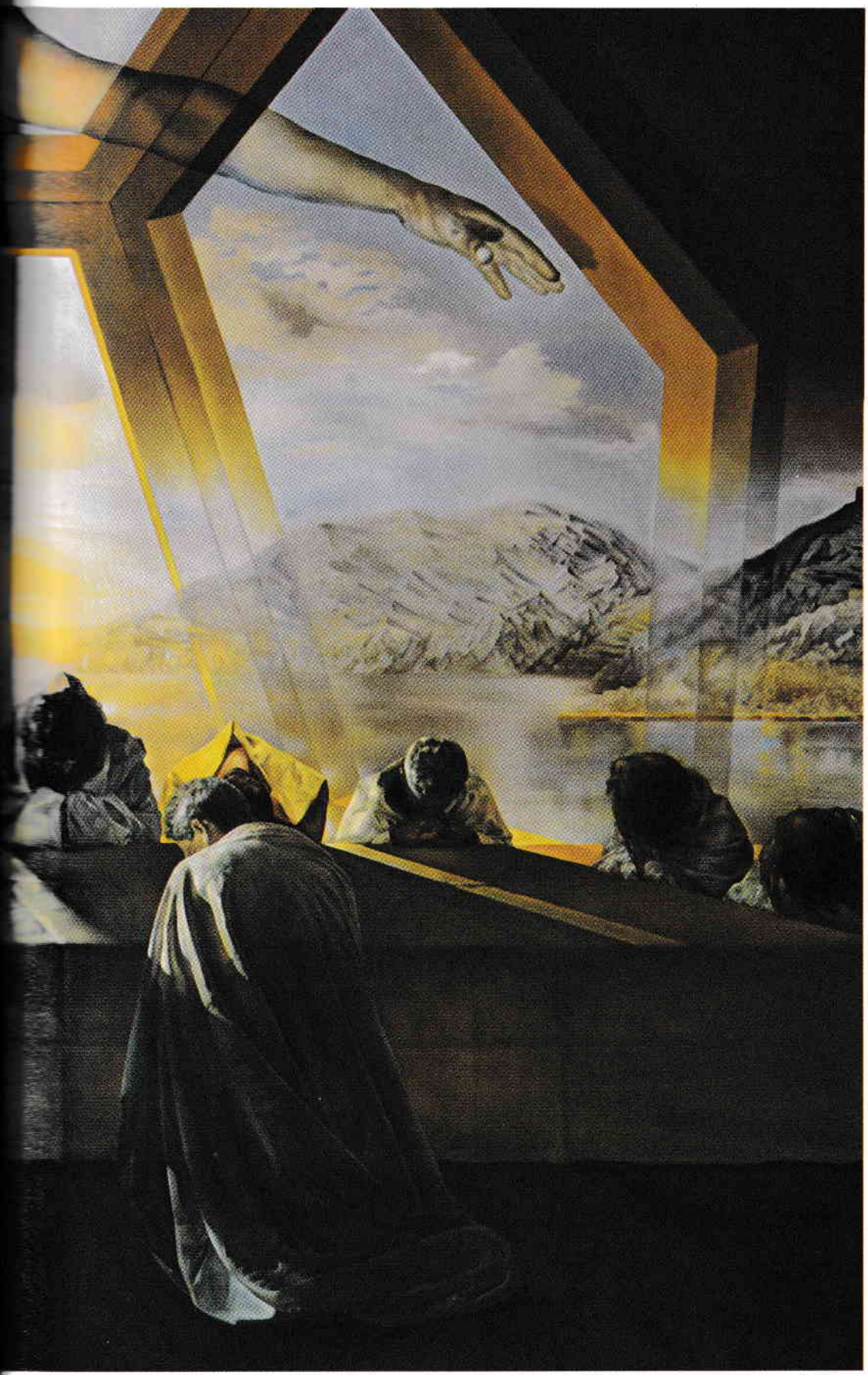
Dali returns to self-portraiture, this time in a rigorously cubist manner, in "Self Portrait with *La Publicitat*" (1923, gouache on cardboard, 105 x 75 cm, Museum Nacional Centro de Arte, Reina Sofia, Madrid).

A black pipe is seen against the backdrop of a *Publicitat* newspaper clipping—very much in the style of cubist pictures by Picasso and Juan Gris.

One ink drawing that holds a special place in

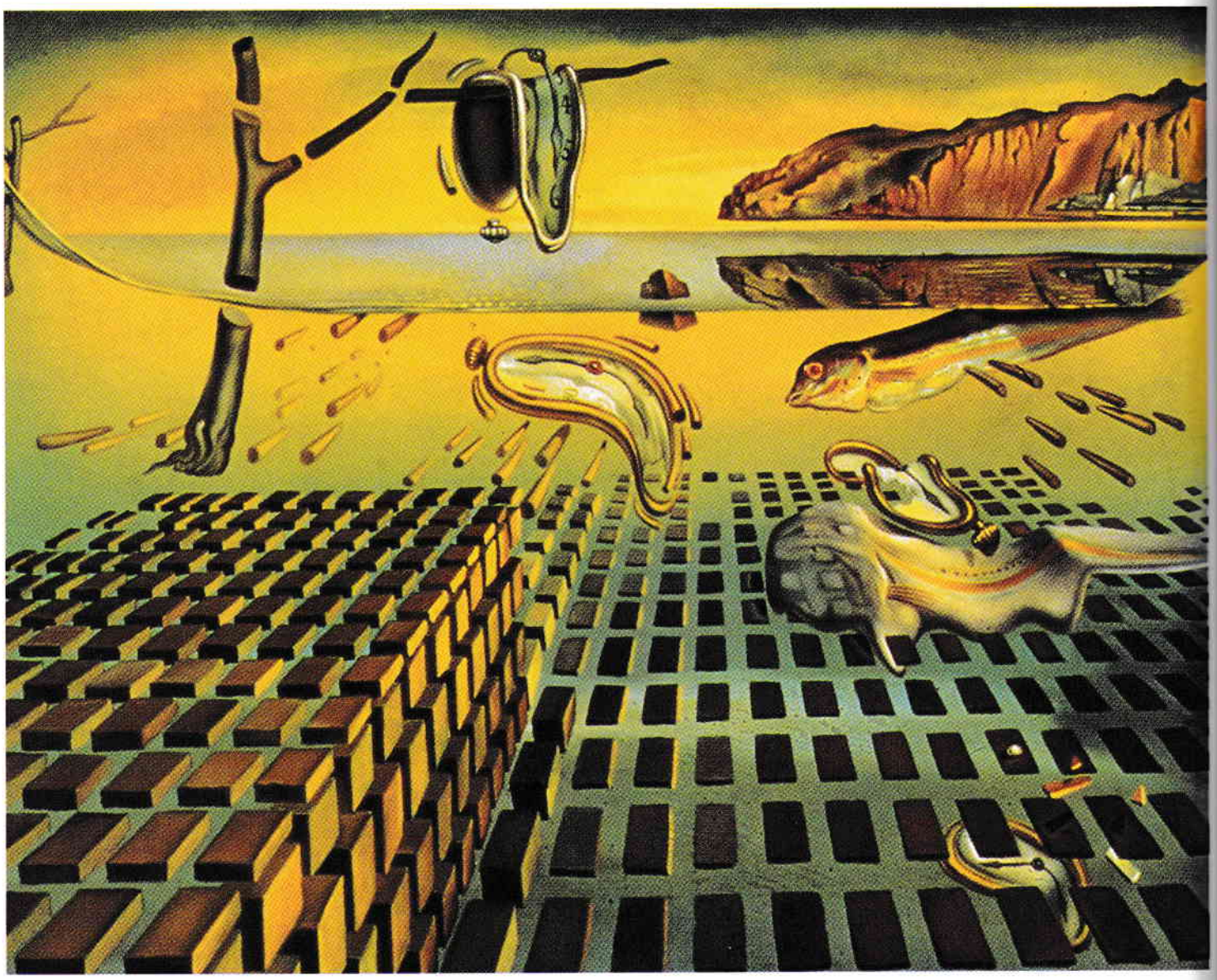
His father disowned him when Dali was expelled from the San Fernando School of Fine Art in Madrid for insubordinate conduct.





Picasso was a great painter. I have 15 of his works in my collection. But never will he paint a picture like Dali's 'Last Supper,' for the simple reason that he is not capable of doing so."
—*Chester Dale*

"The Sacrament of the Last Supper" is one of Dali's most famous works. Painted in 1955, this vast canvas measures approximately 5-foot 6-inches by 8-foot 9-inches. It is in the Chester Dale Collection of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.



One of Dali's most popular paintings is "The Persistence of Memory," painted in 1931. It includes his famous soft or melting watches. This 1954 painting titled "The Disintegration of the Persistence of Memory," recreates the earlier painting and acknowledges the development of modern science, especially the shattering impact on him of the existence of the atomic bomb. The painting is located in the Salvador Dali Museum, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Dali's *oeuvre*, circa 1920, is "The Mother, the Father, Auntie, Ana Maria, and Salvador Himself Holding a Bowler Hat in His Hand with the Sailor Beti" (5-7/8 in x 7-7/8 in, private collection). Here again, he shows his father smoking a pipe.

Incredibly, this drawing is the only known work in which Dali depicted his mother, Dona Felipa Domenech. He adored her, and was understandably devastated by her untimely death from cancer when he was just 16. The anguish over his loss surely accounted for the absence of his mother from his canvases.

These early works by Salvador Dali represent his pre-surrealist period, one of three main phases in his complex and often controversial career.

In addition to these more traditional works, Dali launched his renowned surrealist period, lasting primarily through the 1930s. Most scholars consider this quintessential period of Dalian surrealism to represent his most important body of work.

Surrealism, in brief, sought to depict the Freudian world of dreams and the subconscious. Interestingly, the term "pipe dream" seems fitting in the present context.

Unfortunately, the same observers who maintain that Dali's work of the 1930s was his most respected, tend almost uniformly to dismiss much of Dali's post-surrealist "Nuclear-Mysticism" as unremarkable, overly commercial, even mawkish.

This, in my view, is a mistake. Some of Dali's most inventive and prescient thinking—not to mention his extraordinary technical skill—was manifested in the 1950s through the 1970s.

This was the period, after all, when a number of the painter's most famous works were created: his breathtaking "Christ of St. John of the Cross" in Glasgow, Scotland, and "Sacrament of the Last Supper" in Washington, D.C.'s National Gallery, to name two.

This was also a time when Dali was deeply moved by the explosion of the atomic bomb and discoveries in nuclear physics—events that pushed his brush to exciting new dimensions.

Among many spectacular, highly realistic portraits Dali painted of well-known personalities—including Sir Laurence Olivier, Jack Warner, Harpo Marx and Lady Mountbatten—was his 1958 painting of the distinguished art collector and patron, Chester Dale.

It was Chester Dale, widely respected throughout the art world, who dared to make a provocative yet, in the opinion of many, true observation, when he announced: "Picasso was a great painter. I have 15 of his works in my collection. But never will he paint a picture like Dali's 'Last Supper,' for the simple reason that he is not capable of doing so."

When you mention the name Salvador Dali, most people conjure up visions of an eccentric, flamboyant showman. The artist with the outrageous handlebar mustache, brocade vests, and the various ornate walking sticks from which he was inseparable.

Oh, yes, and an ego the size of Manhattan!

What's more, they surely think of the "soft watches," popularized in Dali's most universally recognized painting, "The Persistence of Memory" (1931, Museum of Modern Art, New York). Those droopy clocks have long been a Dali trademark and a true 20th century icon.

But beyond the scimitar-like mustache, limp timepieces and self-aggrandizement, was what many experts now acknowledge as one of the greatest geniuses of the 20th century.

Between 1949 and 1970, Dali painted 20 huge masterworks, some 10 ft x 14 ft and requiring two years to complete. One of these monumental pictures, "Santiago El Grande" of 1957, was honored at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958 by being displayed in a special building designed for this purpose.

What's more, the painting was considered for reproduction on a commemorative Spanish postage stamp—a rare tribute to a living painter.

In the 1970s, besides substantial work in lithography and many commercial commissions, Dali was the first major artist to harness the three-dimensional phenomenon of holography. He mounted a sensational exhibition of art holograms at the Knoedler Gallery in New York City in 1972.

Some years later, he employed the 3-D relief effects of stereoscopy by painting two large, nearly identical canvases which would optically fuse when viewed through a special lens system he helped perfect for this purpose. The result was not only the illusion of depth, but also colors simply not possible to achieve on the palette alone. Several of these large stereo-optical works are in the Figueres Dali Museum.

Around 1979, Dali came down with a serious case of influenza while in New York, a city where, since 1940, he and Gala stayed annually, at the St. Regis Hotel, during the winter months.

Complications from medications worsened his condition.

From that point until succumbing to cardiac arrest on Jan. 23, 1989, in Spain, at the age of 84, he remained in virtual seclusion. He lived his rueful last days in a small room specially built for him, contiguous with his Dali Museum—officially known as the Teatre-Museu Dali—in Figueres.

Dali is, in fact, buried in a crypt beneath the dome of this majestic, and eccentric, structure.

Gala died on June 10, 1982, an event some feel virtually killed Dali some eight years before his actual demise. She was his lifelong muse and leading model, and her death just broke further the artist's will.

In her 1992 biography, "The Persistence of Memory" (Random House, New York), Meredith Etherington-Smith writes, "After Gala's death," recalls the art dealer Carlos Lozano, "Dali's life became gray; he was surrounded by men in gray suits; all the color, the madness, and the Surrealist fun had gone from his life forever. It was all gray."

In 1989, Dali bequeathed his estate—valued, it's been reported, at close to $100 million—to the Kingdom of Spain and the Independent Region of Catalonia.

Today, Dali originals sell for millions at Christie's and Sotheby's, and presumably for even more in private sales.

From early portraits of his pipe-smoking father, to creeping ants, barbequed giraffes, 3-D holograms, and of course those watches melting like Camembert cheese left sitting in the Mediterranean sun—Salvador Dali was, in the view of many, the greatest painter of the 20th century.

Certainly he was controversial, prolific, eccentric and colorful.

"Let them speak of Dali," he would often say, "even if they speak well of him!"

Observed biographer Etherington-Smith: "...the vast and continuous publicity surrounding Dali brought his work, in the name of art, constantly to the attention of a huge international audience of people who had become alienated from modern art because they could not understand it."

Now, as Dali's eccentricities fade with time, and his fame rests more on the fascinating work he has left for the ages, it grows increasingly easier to say, "Mr. Dali, now we understand." ***P&T***

Paul Chimera is a freelance journalist living in Buffalo, New York. He is editor-in-chief of The Salvador Dali Collectors Quarterly, *and had the unforgettable pleasure of first meeting the artist in 1973. Information about the* Dali Quarterly *can be obtained toll-free at 1-800-776-3254.*

Beyond his showmanship and monstrous ego, Dali is now recognized as one of the greatest geniuses of the 20th century.

A mulligan for

'Unfulfilled Promise' was once the book on golfer Brian Barnes. But the Senior PGA and his victory over alcoholism have given the Scottish Pipesman a second shot—a mulligan—at life

by Larry O'Connor

After a 10-year hiatus, "Barnsey" is back! He won the last two British Senior Opens and is in 21st place in PGA Senior Tour earnings.

It was no mean chore for any golfer to go head to head with Jack Nicklaus in his heyday and to come out not just unbattered but victorious. Scotsman Brian Barnes did it twice—in one day, no less—at the 1975 Ryder Cup matches in Laurel Valley, Pennsylvania. Barnes is the only golfer ever to accomplish such a double dispatching of the legendary Nicklaus. And puffing on his slightly bent Dunhill briar throughout the day, he probably made it look easy. But then, in those days Brian "Barnesy" Barnes had a way of making things look easier than they were.

After a decade or so out of the limelight—and a successful battle to overcome a long-running problem with alcoholism—Barnes has re-emerged on the golf scene in the last two years. The 51-year-old golfer has won the past two British Senior Opens, and his $538,000 in prize money landed him in 21st place in PGA Senior Tour earnings race, a good enough finish to gain automatic entry into all of this year's tournaments. And even in sobriety, Barnes has retained the rakish charm that made him one of golf's most charismatic figures—a charm he once thought stemmed only from the booze.

The rugged-looking golfer seems to have been cut from the mold of stardom. A strapping 6-foot-2 with a construction worker's biceps, the 225-pound Barnes strikes an observer as even larger as he lumbers down a golf course, seeming to cover the length of a fairway with a few Paul Bunyanesque strides, stopping periodically to give the tiny white ball a prodigious whack.

With what he calls his "farmer's swing"—a natural, almost lazy stroke—Barnes seems the antithesis of the digitally analyzed robo-athletes of the '90s.

But make no mistake: Barnes' farmer swing packs a mighty wallop. He was ranked No. 1 on the Senior Tour for total driving, which takes into account both accuracy and distance. But it's all Barnes.

Not that he hasn't honed his innate abilities over the decades—and thousands of rounds of golf. He has, but it's been a natural development, not the result of any studied methodology. Barnes' approach to the game seems to say the winner is not always the guy who takes the fewest strokes, but the one who has most fun.

Barnes' trusty briar pipes, specially designed for him by Dunhill with wind caps to keep out the elements, are his trademark. "The great thing I found out, as far as the pipe is concerned, is that it was not only fun at home, but it gave me the opportunity of having a silent friend on the golf course. It gave me something to chew on—to sort of keep my teeth from chattering under nervous situations," he says.

Barnes lays his pipe aside when he tees off or hits irons because a pipe would interfere with shoulder rotation on a full swing. But he uses it—as ballast—while chipping and putting. "The little bit of extra weight helps keep the head down," he says.

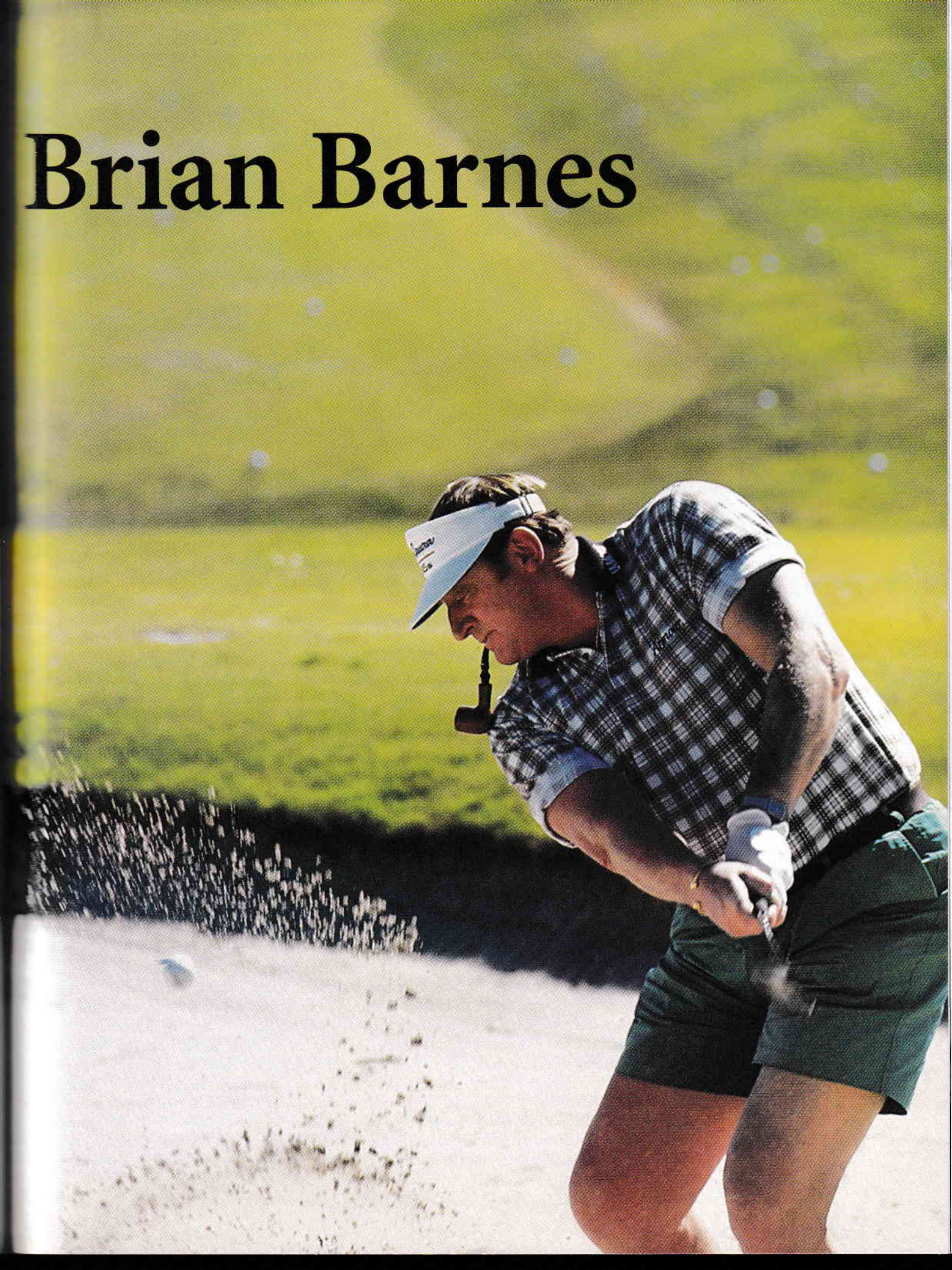
While the sight of a pipe-smoking golfer is a rarity these days—Barnes is the only pipesman on the pro tour—photos in golf history books show pipes were once as common on the links as driving irons.

"Back then it was primarily the upper classes that were playing golf. And the pipe was what most of the upper classes smoked if they were out hunting, shooting, fishing or playing golf," says Barnes.

Barnes' father was a pipe smoker for some 60 years. So when Barnes himself began in his early 30s, it seemed like a familiar thing to do, even if most of his smoking peers smoked cigarettes. Barnes has smoked cigarettes off and on, but finds a pipe far more relaxing.

And with the importance of catching a sponsor's attention—particularly back in the 1960s and 1970s when the payoffs for tournament victories, especially in Europe, were paltry in com-

Brian Barnes



Barnes, with pipe, and Bernard Gallacher formed a regular partnership over a number of years. In fact, they were halved with Nicklaus and Bob Murphy during the 1975 Ryder Cup competition at Laurel Valley. (Photo permission from Stanley Paul and Co., publishers of "The Official History of the Ryder Cup, 1927-89.")

parison to today's purses—having something to distinguish himself from the pack didn't hurt either, says Barnes. "And being a pipe smoker, I was a little out of the ordinary, especially on the golf course."

Quick to admit he's no expert on the subject of pipes and tobaccos, Barnes has experimented with a variety of implements over the years. He found his Dunhills indispensable for outdoors. And for home use, he is particularly fond of his pair of Aldo Velantis. "They're beauties. Unfortunately, they don't have the little cap on top."

But for Barnes' palate, the best smoke is a good meerschaum. "Many moons ago I had three beautiful blocks of meerschaum that I got from Kenya. They looked just like bricks. They must have been 4 inches square, but of course, meerschaum being as light as it is, it was no difficulty holding one in the mouth. There was nothing fancy about them, but they were without any shadow of a doubt the smoothest pipes I've ever smoked."

Barnes has tended to favor British tobaccos, especially Dunhill brands, and Cut Golden Car, when it was still available. His preference for British brands was not based purely on aesthetics, however. British tobaccos tend to be cut in strands, while the American brands are usually more finely cut, he says. "Of course, the only reason I noticed that was that when I leaned over to putt, the little bits used to fall out, whereas the longer strands are inclined to knit together."

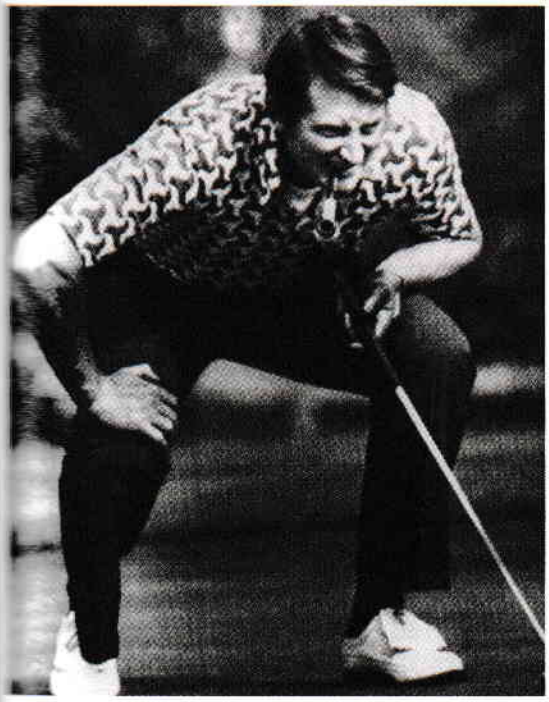
The only child of Scottish parents, Barnes was born on June 3, 1945—about a month after the end of World War II—near Croyden, in Surrey, England. Though raised in England, Barnes proudly claims his Scottish lineage. "All my relatives live on the west coast of Scotland. One hundred percent Scottish blood running through my veins," he says.

Barnes' father was a horticultural business rep and a scratch golfer himself. Barnes remembers his childhood as a happy one, but he was uncommonly shy. A nine-inch growth spurt between the ages of 12 and 13 brought him to his full adult height, but didn't help his feelings of insecurity. While his height was no doubt the envy of some of his mates, it left him feeling ungainly and awkward. So diffident was Barnes, in fact, that when his father drove him to parties—unless his father escorted him inside—he would slip off for a long walk instead of joining the party.

But if he felt awkward socially, he was anything but awkward athletically. By the time he was a teenager, he was representing Somerset, his home county, in competitions in five sports—rugby, hockey, cricket, track and field, and golf. And he earned a spot at Millfield School, a prestigious academy for aspiring athletes.

At 18, in 1964, Barnes won the British Youth golf tournament and soon caught the eye of Max Faulkner, a former British Open champ who coached the so-called Butten Boys, a select group of young golfers who were to be groomed as future British Open winners. (The group got its name from the businessman who sponsored the program.)

Barnes never won an Open—or any other



jor title—but he did win the hand of Faulk-
's daughter Hilary, with whom he has two chil-
en. He also developed into a fine golfer, the
st of his generation in Great Britain, according
some observers.

Among a handful of players responsible for
ting the European PGA off the ground,
nes was known for speaking his mind, espe-
ly when he felt the game was not being played
ording to Hoyle. His complaints about the
or quality of the scheduled site of the 1981
der Cup, for example, didn't sit well with the
rnament management, but the upshot was
the matches were moved to a more suitable
ue. And in hindsight, most agreed that he had
ck an important blow for the integrity of the
me.

Affable and quickwitted, Barnes also earned a
utation as something of a prankster. A big part
his charm was that, while he respected the
me, he didn't seem to take golf—or himself—
o seriously. At one French Open he blew a putt,
d continued hitting the ball around like a hock-
puck until it went in. He pulled out of the
rnament after the hole and was later fined. At
er tournaments he sometimes marked his ball
with the customary marker but with a partial-
trained can of beer.

Despite his antics, Barnes managed to put
gether a good, if not spectacular, career that
luded 17 professional titles and six straight
der Cup appearances from 1969 to 1981.

The highlight was his victorious Ryder Cup
tches over Nicklaus. The Ryder Cup matches had a long and noble history, but by 1975—four years before the Europeans from outside the British Isles were included in line-up against American golfers—Britain had not won for almost two decades. By the close of the morning round of singles matches, Barnes had beaten Nicklaus once, but it was clear that the British team was outmatched again.

As the story of the matches has been told, Nicklaus wanted another shot at Barnes in the afternoon rounds. And, says Barnes, Nicklaus also suggested that the drama of a rematch would help hold the spectators. The afternoon line-up was changed. "That is the only time in Ryder Cup history that a match has actually been fiddled," says Barnes.

More recently, another story—this one about how the two golfers came to be paired for the morning round—has begun to circulate. By 1975, Nicklaus was clearly the best golfer of his day, and one of the best of all time. Earlier in the year he had won his fourth PGA title, and the week before he had won his fifth tournament of the year—the World Open in Pinehurst, North Carolina. And as this version of the matches goes, American captain Arnold Palmer thought Nicklaus was getting too bigheaded and asked British captain Bernhard Hunt who among his players had the best chance of rattling the Golden Bear's cage. And Barnes was elected.

Barnes has heard the tale. "Whether it actually happened or not, I'm not sure," he says.

However the pairings were made, the contest was hardly a grudge match. The two are friendly. Nicklaus, in fact, repeatedly encouraged Barnes to try his hand on the American tour.

Barnes' Ryder Cup performance not only earned him respect from his American opponents, but also boosted his popularity back home. And no doubt it was one of the reasons he was named Pipe Smoker of the Year several years later by the British public, even beating former prime minister Harold Wilson.

Over the years Barnes had acquired an almost mythic media image as an irrepressible bon vivant, one who didn't mind a pint or two or three or four. And there are legendary tales of his outrageous drinking. But if the life of Brian Barnes seemed to outsiders to be an endless stream of golf outings and partying, the living of it was not as easy as it may have seemed.

What outsiders didn't know was that the seemingly carefree, self-assured golfer was actually living a lie, as he freely admits today. His drinking and bravado masked demons of self-doubt he still hadn't conquered. And the three or four or six pints of beer weren't the half of it. There were also the brandies before breakfast, the ever-present flask of vodka and orange juice in his golf bag and the liters of wine in the evening. ▶

During 1975 Ryder Cup competition, Barnes became the only golfer in history to beat Jack Nicklaus twice in one day.

In his first attempt at the British Senior Open, Barnes knocked in an 80-foot putt on the third playoff hole to win the title.

To the press and the fans he was old Barnesy—the "hail fellow well met," says Barnes. "And to keep the lie going, I found I was drinking more and more. Instead of saying 'Rubbish, that ain't the way I am,' I played the part. And of course when you're living a lie, that's when the problems begin."

Barnes was blessed–or cursed—in that he never suffered a hangover. And while the booze may have affected his career over the long haul, he was one of those people who manage to keep their daily routines on track even in the midst of a binge. Barnes lived and played and even won tournaments after drinking quantities of alcohol that would have left most men lying under a barroom table or by the side of the road.

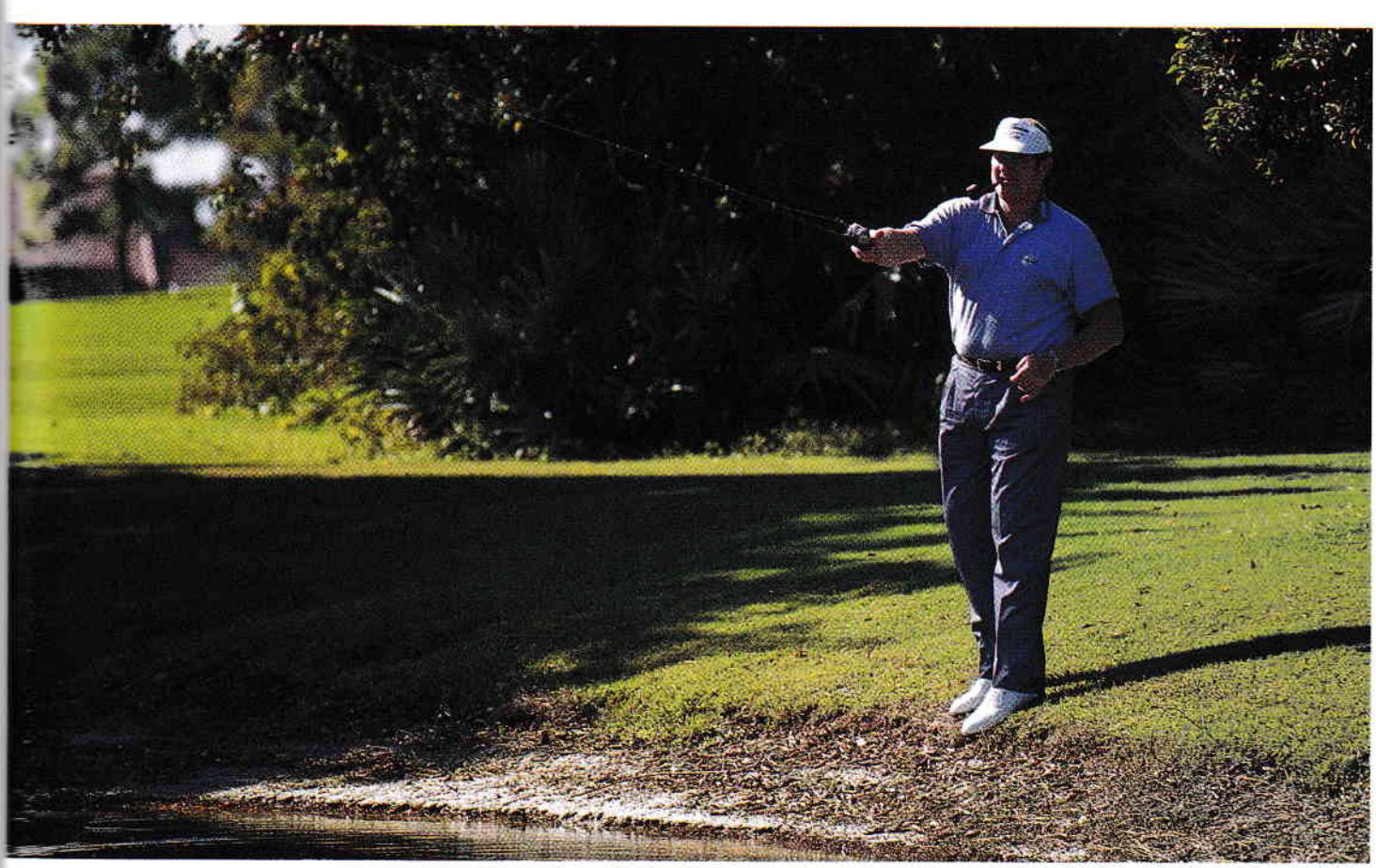
By the mid-1980s, Barnes' career was in eclipse. He could no longer compete with younger players on the tour, and he spent most of the decade at his father-in-law's golf course. His drinking continued to worsen. And in the eyes of many golf watchers, the career of Brian Barnes—despite his many wins—had never really measured up to the talents he possessed.

By the early '90s, the Brian Barnes story had all the earmarkings of some Greek tragedy, where the hero discovers his fatal flaw too late and is left with no better option than to gouge out his own eyes. The massive quantities of alcohol had taken a heavy toll on Barnes' spirit, though he still had not admitted he had a problem. And in late 1992 he found himself sitting in his car on a ridge overlooking the English Channel on the verge of taking his own life.

But here Barnes' story shifts from Greek tragedy to a song of redemption. Not ready to assume the coward's role of a middle-aged loser with nothing to live for, Barnes dug down deep. With the help of his wife, he pulled back from the precipice and sought psychiatric help for depression. And when told the unflattering news that he wasn't really clinically depressed, but merely a drunk, Barnes took it like a man and took the cure.

The clouds of seemingly unconquerable depression lifted in a scant two weeks, says Barnes. And it's now been four years since his last drink, though Barnes knows the battle is fought a day at a time. "There's a very big word in Alcoholics Anonymous. And the word is 'yet.' At the moment it's been four years."

If Barnes had never won another tournament—or played in one for that matter—his story would seem to have a happy ending. But golf is a wonderfully forgiving game. Yesterday's double bogeys make way for tomorrow's eagles. For all but the faint-hearted there is another day, another chance. Always.



Lo and behold, when Barnes sobered up enough to see the calendar, he realized his 50th birthday and another shot in golf—on the senior circuit—awaited in the not-too-distant future.

His golfing skills were rusty but hardly eroded. He spent the next two years learning to believe in himself, that he could make his way in golf and in life without a drink in hand. On his first go-round at the British Open as a 50-year-old in 1995, he knocked in an 80-foot putt for an eagle on the third playoff hole to snatch the title from Bob Murphy. Pipe-puffing Barnesy was back. Only better this time.

Next on the schedule was a trip to the United States in hopes of qualifying for the Senior Tour, but a spider bite led to a blood infection that prevented him from flying. Barnes arrived at so-called qualifying school in California by boat and train. Not having played in competition for nearly six months, he missed qualifying—by a single stroke—for automatic entry into a year's worth of Senior Tour events.

But Barnes had come too far to be shut out now. He could still qualify, event by event, through the Monday qualifying rounds of each event. And qualify Barnes did. He won no Tour tournaments in 1996 but was fourth at the Senior PGA Championship and came in second twice—at the PaineWebber Invitational in Charlotte, North Carolina, and at the Pittsburgh Classic. He also won a second straight British Open. And being one of the tour's top 31 money earners, he is exempt from having to qualify at this year's events. His goal now is an American title. "I'd like to win any of the tournaments, but, needless to say, I'd like to win one of the majors—the U.S. Senior Open or the PGA."

Back-to-back British Senior Opens, recognition as one of the top senior golfers in the world, and a valiant victory over the bottle—it ought to be enough to satisfy people. But Brian Barnes will probably always hear the "What-ifs?" of others—What if he'd only worked a little harder? Or sobered up a little sooner. How great a golfer would he have been in his prime?

But Barnes refuses to allow the past to dog him. He's had a few "upsets" in his life, he admits. But if he started looking back at the what-ifs and if-onlys, he says he wouldn't be doing what he should be doing—looking to the future.

"We have a saying over here," says Barnes. "If your aunty had balls, she'd be your uncle. 'If only you'd worked harder, do you think you might have won a major title?' Who the hell knows? It's all in the lap of God. But He's given me a second chance and I'm going to grab hold of it with both hands." ***P&T***

Back in tournament play, Barnes has his eye on winning the U.S. Senior Open or the PGA. However, when there is time, he is always ready to wet a line, one of his favorite pastimes. (Color photos by Montana Pritchard.)

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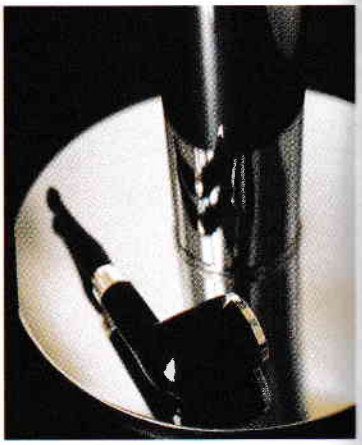
PRODUCT SHOWCASE

Last fall, Peterson introduced its first Autumn/Winter Collection of pipes and accessories, mainly in black and silver. Leather goods are handcrafted and lined with black suede; tobacco boxes are lacquered more than 20 times to achieve the desired mirrored finish. The Collection also includes a pair of elegant black lacquered smoking pipes with sterling silver detail.



This kit from Comoy's of London comes with everything packed into a metal tobacco box designed to resemble a two-story London bus. Among other things, it includes a pipe, lighter and tobacco pouch.

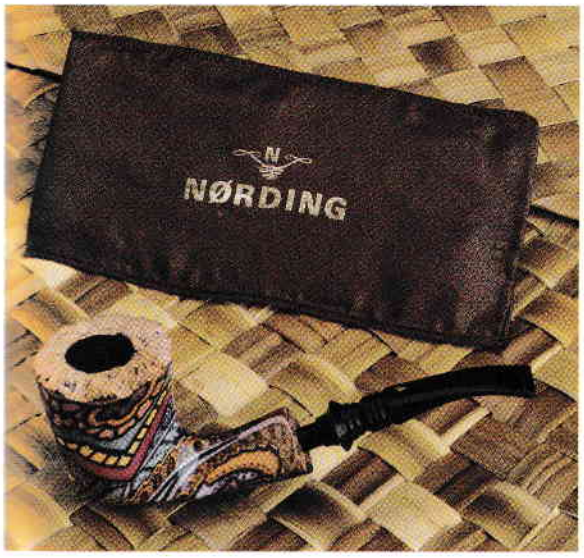
These pipes fall into the Big Ben "Ranger" line, made in Holland. Suggested retail price is $32.50; each comes with its own leather pouch. Finishes available are smooth, black sandblast, black walnut and rustic walnut.

CONTACT INFORMATION

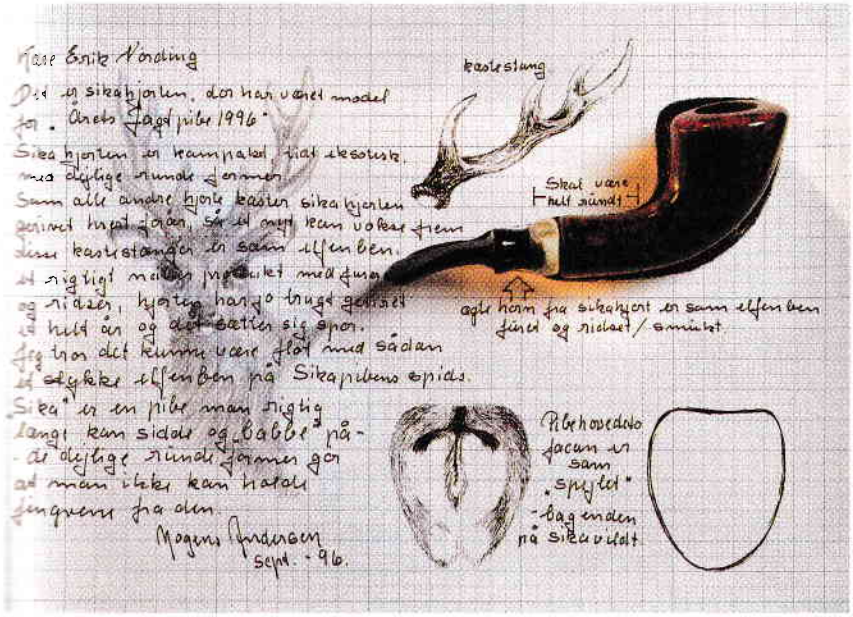
The products shown are available at tobacconist shops throughout the United States. If your tobacconist doesn't carry the brand in which you are interested, he may be willing to place a special order. If you don't find a source of the product, contact the wholesale distributor for the name of the tobacconist nearest to you who carries the product.

For Comoy's of London, Nording or Peterson, contact distributor Hollco-Rohr, 20717 Marilla Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Telephone: 818.885.0850.

For Big Ben, contact Phillips and King, 18021 Cortney Court, City of Industry, CA 91748. Telephone: 818.810.9811.



This colorful Nording pipe was designed specifically for the German market. The final colorful finish is applied in Saint-Claude, France (see article on page 14). The hunting series was designed for Nording by a famous Danish hunting writer. It is available in both "pheasant" and "stag" models in both smooth and sand-blasted finishes.


Kaare Erik Nording
Den "Sika hjorten" den har været model for "Årets Jagt pibe 1996"
Sika hjorten er kampen, fint eksotisk, med dybtgående rund dannen
Som alle andre hjorte kæster sika hjorten årligt nye gevirer, så vil man kan vokse frem
disse kæstestænger er som elfenben.
at rigtigt mellem ... med fine
og ridser, hjorten har jo brugt geviret
til hult år og det bærer sig spor.
Jeg tror det kunne være flot med sådan
at dybtbore elfenben på Sikapibens spids.
"Sika" er en pibe man rigtig
længe kan sidde og "babbel" på -
- de dybtgående rund dannen gør
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Pipe Jubilee

Chicago tobacconist family plans to celebrate its 140th anniversary throughout 1997

by Phil Bowling

Edward Hoffman sold his first pipe tobacco in Chicago in 1857—the same year James Buchanan took office as U.S. president. Since that time, the same family has owned and operated the company, seeing some 28 presidents elected to office.

Pipes and pipe tobacco proved to be the mainstay of the business in those days. Even with today's incredible cigar boom, a sizable portion of the business remains in pipes and pipe tobaccos.

Edward Hoffman and Co., now known as Iwan Ries & Co., will celebrate its 140th anniversary in a few months.

"The store was founded by my great-great uncle, naming it after himself, Edward Hoffman and Co.," says Charles "Chuck" Levi. "Somewhere between 1857 and 1898, he brought my grandfather, Iwan Ries, over from Germany, to help him run the business."

In 1898, when Hoffman died, Iwan Ries took over the company and changed the name to his own. "The Levi family became a part of the business when my father, Stanley B. Levi, married Rosalie Ries, the daughter of Iwan Ries," Levi says.

Stanley Levi became a part of the company in 1929 and took over the business in the early 1950s when Iwan Ries died. He operated the business until he retired about five years ago.

However, the 90-year-old Levi is still in the store on a daily basis. He still owns, and actively manages, the building which houses the store and other businesses.

Pipes have always been a mainstay for Iwan Ries & Co. When interviewed, they had approximately 10,000 pipes on hand, plus a plentiful supply of pipe tobacco.

"I'm technically retired now. My son runs the business these days, but we own the building so I come in daily and check on things with the building and advise with the store on occasion," Stanley Levi says. "I still love being around the tobacco."

When Levi opted to retire from the daily operation of the store, he took with him second wife Elaine, who was in charge of the store's annual catalog from the time the couple married in 1961. But like her husband, Elaine Levi also comes into the store "for a while" each day.

According to the retired master tobacconist, the store has always sold more pipes and pipe-related products than anything else—including cigars—until the last few years. "We've always offered the selection and service for pipe smokers that made them come back to our store over the years," he says. "And this carried over into our mail-order business."

Does he still smoke his pipe? "Well, I had to give up the pipe a while back—it hurt my teeth to hold the pipe in my mouth," he says with a bit of disappointment in his voice. "But, I can still smoke cigars, so I've just switched from pipes to cigars."

Stanley Levi has no regrets about what he has done for the past 67 years. He has always loved tobacco and sharing time with the people who would come into the store.

"I suppose, other than the customers, the thing I love most about this business is the uniqueness of the product—no two pipes are exactly alike," he says. "They are like pieces of art."

When Levi decided to retire, he says he didn't leave the store in the hands of

st anyone. He left the business in the care of his son, Chuck. After all, he had been training his son in the business nce 1959. Chuck and his wife, Susan, are in charge of the ily operation of the store and the mail-order business.

And they have added yet another generation to the family business. "Our 25-year-old son, Kevin, has been involved the business full-time since 1994," Chuck Levi says. "He orked here before on a part-time basis during college reaks."

"Since the company first began, we've probably been in out seven locations here in Chicago," Chuck Levi says. "We have a lease hanging on the wall in our current store—r first lease."

The store was originally at the Sherman Hotel, 166 E. ndolph. At that time the Chicago River was the dividing e between east and west street addresses. After the infaous Chicago fire of 1871, the store reopened at the same cation, but its address had become 166 "West" Randolph ecause the city made State Street the east-west dividing line.

"We were in that location for years," Levi says. "I don't ink we were in any of our locations for less than 25 years."

Levi says the business was forced to leave the last three four locations prior to finding its current Wabash Avenue me, strategically located a block and a half from the Art stitute in one direction and a block and a half from Marall Fields in another. They were evicted from each location ecause the owners were tearing the building down or going rough a major remodeling.

"We bought this building in 1968 so we wouldn't be icted again," Levi says with a laugh. "We grew tired of cking up and moving—even though it wasn't very often."

Iwan Ries & Co. set up shop on the main floor of the ilding on Wabash. However, it wasn't long before the ndlord—Chuck's father this time—indicated that the store ight need to move yet another time!

Some business people approached the Levis about rentg the space occupied by the store. "They thought our locan would make a hell of a restaurant and were willing to pay lot of rent," he says.

The restaurant moved in and the store did move again—a space on the second floor. This second floor location is here the store remains today, and Levi quickly adds that he s no plans on moving anytime soon.

"In the late 1970s, the tobacco business was not the eatest retail business to be in," Levi says. "We were payg a lot of rent on our space due to the real estate taxes."

Iwan Ries & Co. had occupied some 10,000 square feet space on the building's main floor. "There's no retail store the world in our industry that needs 10,000 square feet of ace," Levi admits. "We were simply using the space ecause it was there."

The large retail space had proved to be a logistic nightare. More and more employees had to be hired simply to ver the floor, and the sales were not satisfactorily covering e costs of the overhead, Levi says in retrospect.

"In those days we really didn't carry cigars," Levi says. the early 1970s, we carried four lines of cigars—all house ands made for us by General Cigar and Consolidated Cigr Corporation."

Before Fidel Castro came along, Iwan Ries and Compa-

Ninety-year-old Stanley Levi and wife Elaine still come into the store on a daily basis, although officially retired, to "consult" and look after their building.

ny carried a sizable number of cigars—all Cubans. However, with the embargo in place, the Levis decided that if they could not sell Cuban cigars, they would get out of the cigar business completely.

Levi confesses that the store's cigar ban lasted about five years. "Then we got back into the cigar business slowly with these four brands which we carried exclusively for about 10 years," Levi says. "Then we expanded slowly until we reached the 98 brands we have in the store today."

Iwan Ries & Co. still carries its original house brand manufactured by Consolidated, Flor de Canario. "That cigar still does very well for us," Levi says.

The store has the distinction of being the only retailer to have ever received private labeling from General Cigar. According to Levi, popular brands such as Partagas and Macanudo would arrive in the store with additional labeling: "Made Expressly for Iwan Ries & Co."

This gave the store a little something extra when it came to promoting those brands, Levi says. While the private labeling proved a good seller for Iwan Ries & Co., Levi says the store and General Cigar agreed to stop the labeling when the cigar boom began taking off. The store continues to sell and do well with the popular General brands without the personalized marking, Levi says.

Walk through Iwan Ries & Co. and you clearly see the importance of pipes.

The current operating generations of Iwan Ries include Chuck Levy, wife Susan and son Kevin. Chuck has been "training" in the business since 1959.

All different shapes and price ranges of pipe are found throughout the store. When interviewed, the Levis had about 10,000 pipes in stock, from corncobs to the most expensive briars.

In addition, if you're looking for a pipe tobacco blend and can't find it here, something is terribly wrong, Levi says.

The tobacco the store has banked on for a number of years is Three Star. "This house brand was developed in the 1930s by my grandfather to meet the needs of his customers," Levi says. "My grandfather knew his business and thought through his decisions. He was a pipe smoker, but he developed Three Star to meet market taste."

However, the store does have another brand, Private Blend, that Iwan Ries developed for his own private preference. That brand also continues to be sold in the store.

Iwan Ries & Co. offers some 18 or 19 tobaccos today. "None of our tobaccos have artificial flavors or additives except, obviously, the Cavendishes," Levi says.

"When I started working here, blending tobacco was one of my first jobs," Levi says. "For some reason, my grandfather brought an old washing machine with him from Germany. It operated on a belt with a tiny motor. We would mix five or 10 pounds at a time in that old washing machine."

When he was in junior high school, Levi began helping out in the store after school, blending and packaging tobacco. "We continued to blend all the tobaccos ourselves until our volume grew so large we could no longer manage it," Levi says.

In the early 1960s, the pipe industry received a sudden boost in sales. This was the result of the issuance of the Surgeon General's warning on cigarettes. Pipe and pipe tobacco sales grew rapidly.

"When this increase took place, we began farming out the blending to a small company in Ohio," Levi says. "They did everything by hand, including the packaging, and were very good at what they did."

This arrangement lasted for a while, but Iwan Ries' orders continued to grow at a rapid rate. "They couldn't keep up with our sales," Levi recalls. "Much like the cigar business today, we were constantly out of stock with our pipe tobaccos."

When the blending company decided it couldn't grow to accommodate Iwan Ries & Co., the tobacconist began looking for another source. "That's when we

switched to Consolidated Cigar to handle our blending," Levi says.

Iwan Ries & Co. provided Consolidated with the recipe for its blends and gave the company a prepared version of the tobacco's "secret ingredient" that makes the blends special. "If you smoke most aromatic tobaccos, they smoke wet," Levi says. "Three Star Blue, our top seller, is an aromatic, but the secret ingredient allows it to burn down to a dry, white ash.

"The formula we use is totally consumed by the fire in the pipe bowl. There's no sugar or molasses that leaves the tobacco wet and gummy. It tastes and smokes like good tobacco, but it has a nice aromatic scent."

The secret formula is made exclusively for Iwan Ries & Co. by a private firm. Under a contractual agreement, the firm is allowed to sell the finished product only to Consolidated for the sole manufacture of Three Star.

"I don't even remember what's in the secret ingredient now," Levi says. "I have it all written down in my safe-deposit box if I ever need it."

Customer service has been the backbone of the company since Edward Hoffman first got things rolling in 1857, Levi says. "We don't plan to make any changes or shortcuts in that area," he says.

Levi says he is planning a few surprises to celebrate the store's 140th anniversary. "We are very proud of what we have built over the years," he says. "With the store remaining in the family all these years, it's more than a business to us. it's like another member of our family. And it's very dear to us."

By the time the company celebrates its 150th anniversary, it will have entered the third century of the company's existence. "How many families in the United States can say that they have been in the same business for this number of years?" Levi asks. "We'd venture to say that it's a small minority, and we're very proud to be part of that elite crowd." ***P&T***

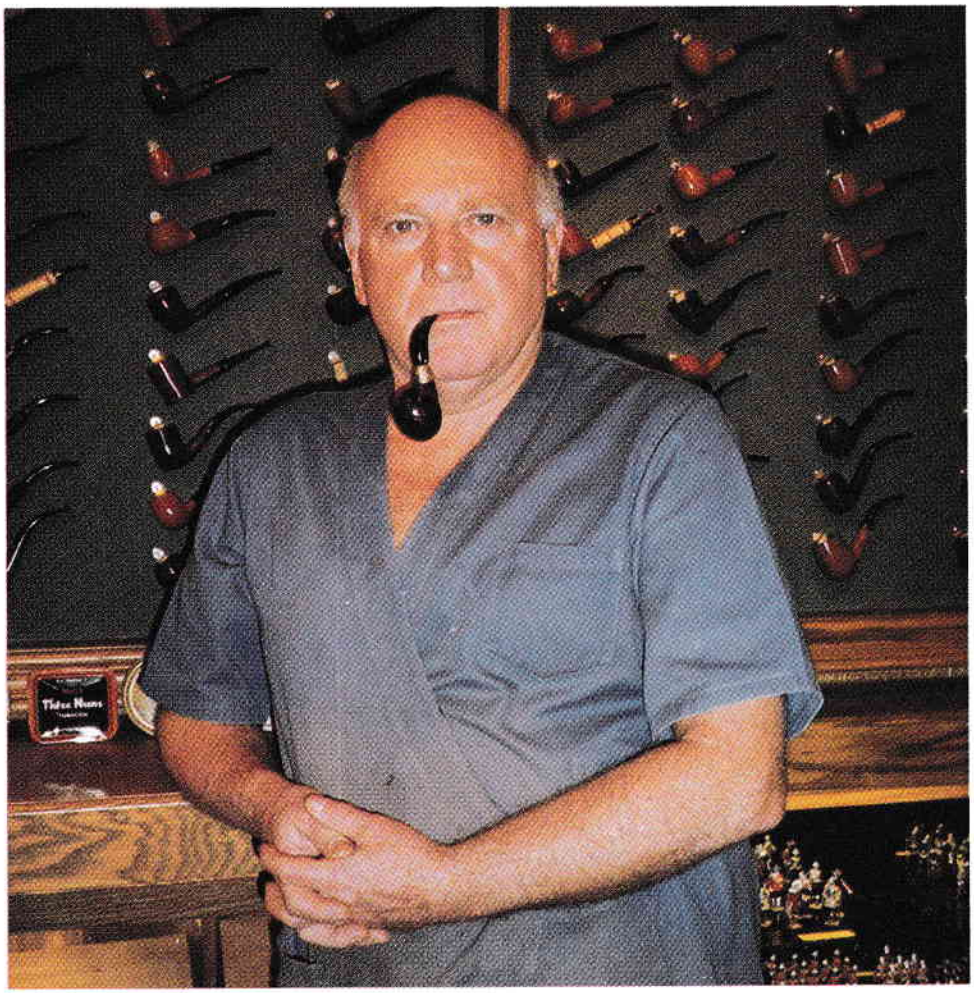
Iwan Ries & Co. is located at 19 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60603.

A fascinating pipe display area doubles as a smokers' lounge. It features pipes of all shapes and sizes.

Toronto Pipesmith

Julius Vesz makes function his first priority in making pipes. Aesthetics are secondary

by Dayton H. Matlick
and Chuck Stanion



The seeds for Julius Vesz's career as a pipesmith were planted in his youth as he watched his grandfather make meerschaum pipes in Hungary.

One's workshop is ordinarily a place where the demands of creativity and workmanship override the tedious necessities of housekeeping. Think of your own shop as it sits right now. Maybe an open can of wood stain balances a hardening soon-to-be-petrified paintbrush, while sawdust covers floor, table, fixtures, tools, the dog, and possibly next week's clean folded laundry; screws, nails, tools, rags, and pipe cleaners litter the entire environment with a satisfying fallout from hard use.

Now look at the photo of Julius Vesz's shop on pages 58-59. No, really, those photos at the top of the page. Yes, the ones that look like a compressed art museum. That's Vesz's shop. He works there. He makes pipes there. And it's spotless, it's free of dust, and it's packed to the ceiling with intricate objects fascinating to the eye and inspiring to the imagination.

Where your shop may display a rake and a leaf blower and a gas can, Vesz's has paintings, antique pipes, framed documents, books and tapestries; where you have a stained concrete floor, Vesz has exquisite carpeting; where you have a beat-up old bar stool, Vesz has intricately hand-carved and velvet-covered chairs.

It is disconcerting at first to see buffing wheels hanging next to rare artwork while a grinder spills briar dust into a neat pile on an otherwise immaculate carpet. But

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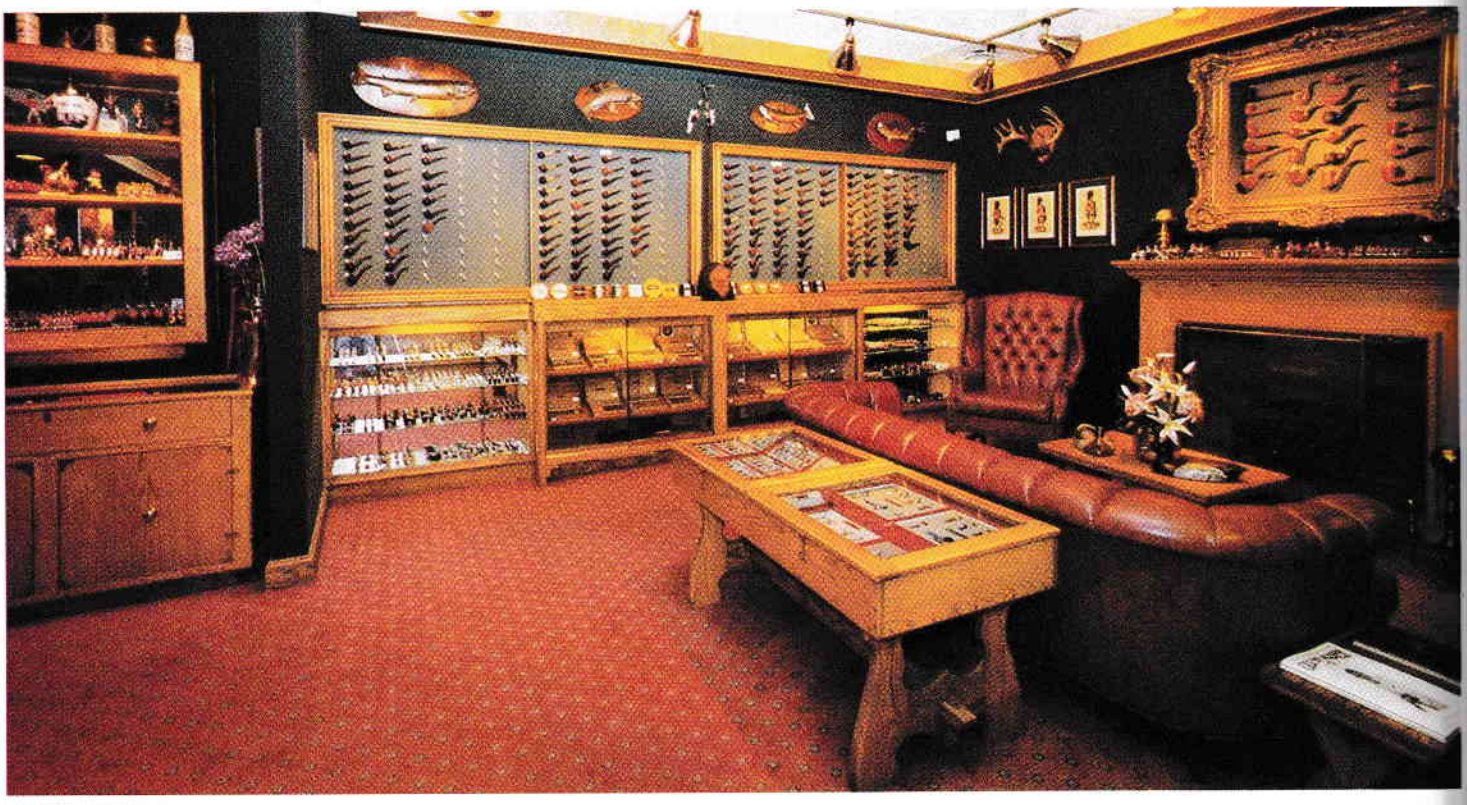


As you enter the Vesz shop in the upscale Royal York Hotel, you are struck by the beauty, warmth and details. The stress is primarily on pipes and brightly-colored miniature soldiers.

Vesz thrives in these elaborate surroundings, carving highly regarded pipes.

Originally from Hungary, Vesz's accent is as eclectic as his shop—a sort of Sean Connery/Eva Gabor combination. Articulate and disarmingly candid, Vesz speaks easily and rhythmically over the classical music playing on the radio, punctuated every quarter hour by the unchanging sentiment of the carved German cuckoo clock hanging under a pair of antlers high on the wall. He holds his pipe firmly, as if cherishing its texture and gravitational force. Vesz obviously values plenty of sensory stimulation.

Just as diverse as Vesz's surroundings is his clientele. His shop is not only a museum and workshop, but a working smoke shop. Located for the past 16 years in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, the store welcomes people from all over the world who are amazed, delighted, and when they leave take with them pipes, stories, and descriptions of the shop that transport Vesz's reputation internationally.

Vesz first learned about pipe carving from his grandfather. "He carved first of all for his own pleasure," says Vesz, "for himself, rather than for profit. Then people took note of his work and he made many pipes for many different people. He was sort of making money out of it at the end—he had to, he was spending more time on pipes than anything else."

Although he was only 9 years old when his grandfather died, Vesz can still picture the old man working on his pipes. "I saw my grandfather working, and young minds absorb a lot—we very clearly remember some things when we are 100 years old, but we don't remember what happened yesterday." His grandfather's pipemaking had exerted its influence and made a permanent impression on the young Julius, though 14 years would pass before he realized it.

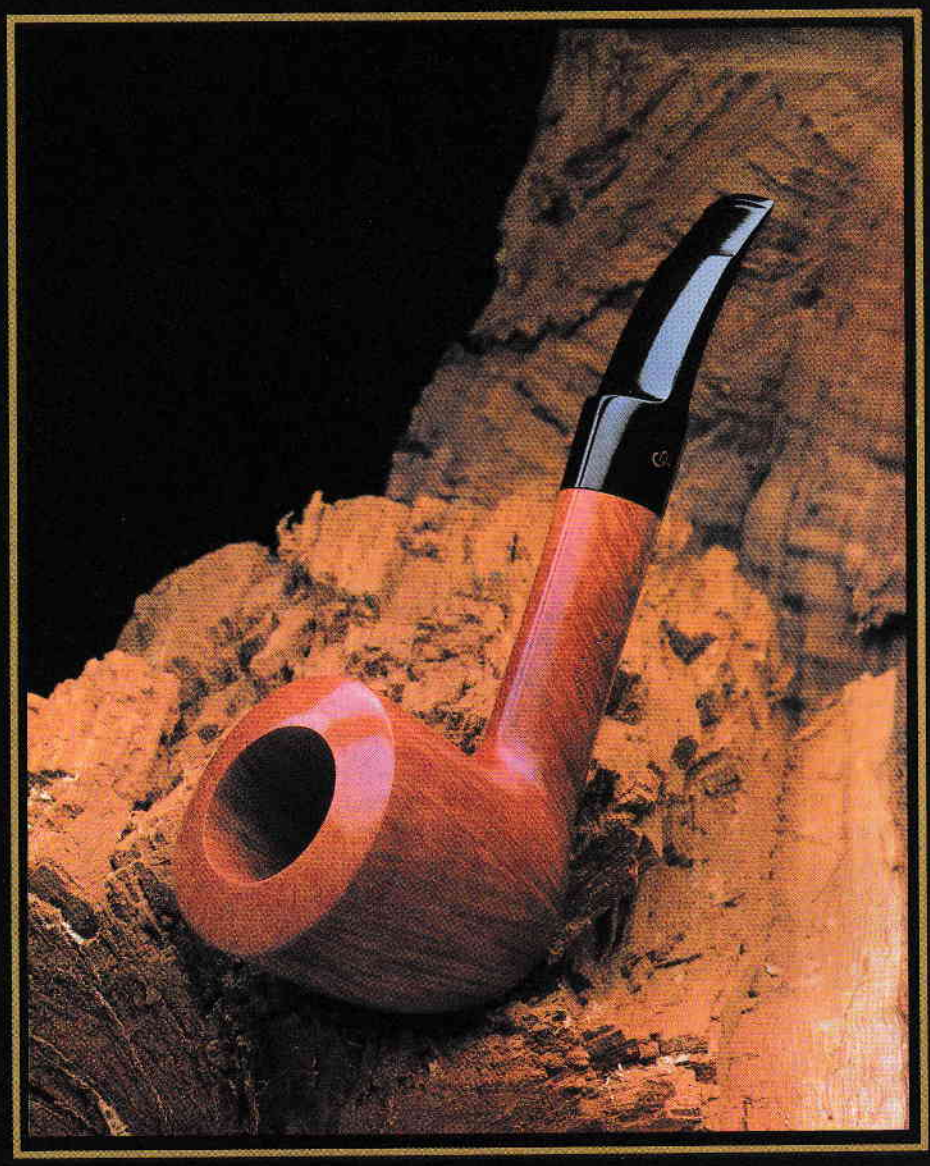
Vesz finished a three-year term with the Hungarian army in 1957, just as the Hungarian uprising was beginning. Hungary was still reconstructing itself out of the damage from World War II, but now found itself commencing a new revolution that would further weaken its resources.

"That was the Russian jurisdiction there," says Vesz, "and the first sign of the fall of communism. I never believed in the system anyway, so I saw no future there at all. I figured it doesn't matter which country I emigrate to, I am going to be better off than in Hungary." Ready for a new start, the 23-year-old Vesz ventured off to Canada.

"I worked as a mechanical draftsman, but as a youngster I always wanted to do something on my own. I just couldn't conceive the idea that I would live my life working for someone else. And I saw a lot of pipe smokers here."

Memories of his grandfather began to surface, memories not only of constructing pipes, but of repairing them. "I figured to try at least fixing pipes, because my grandfather had done that too, but I didn't really know what was involved with repairing pipes at that time."

Vesz made some inquiries, did some exploring, and finally met Charlie Dollack. "He was the first man in Canada who fixed pipes; he had a little place in down-



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Work of Art Returns

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town Toronto." Charlie encouraged Vesz to pursue pipe repair, insisting that an excellent living could be made. He did not, however, offer any help or instruction, and Vesz continued independently.

"I set up a little makeshift bench at home with some primitive tools and equipment and tried to fix pipe stems." Soon he had accounts with several department stores, was making pipes, and was doing a few repairs for United Cigar Stores.

"Even part-time, I was shortly making more money than as a draftsman. Then there was a breakthrough. The man doing the pipe repairs for United Cigar Stores in Montreal died suddenly, and they were really stuck and looking for someone else. At that time they had a few hundred stores in Canada, so that was a big break for me."

Vesz's education necessarily accelerated. "They were sending pipes for refinishing and all kinds of stuff. I didn't even know what to do with them, because I'd never done anything like that."

But Vesz had a natural talent that facilitated a growing expertise. "I was self-taught and I was getting better and better. You need two or three years to judge if you're good at something or not. If I had felt I'd only be a mediocre pipemaker, I would have given it up. But I kept improving. Even today, with 37 years experience, I still make small improvements in certain operations—not that the typical pipe smoker would notice, but for myself." Like his grandfather, Vesz finds he is motivated not by profit, but by self-satisfaction and the need to approach perfection.

Any improvement in Vesz's pipes, however, must be practical. "To me the first priority in pipemaking is function. The pipe has to function. Aesthetics are secondary. Traditional British designs, like the bulldogs and zulus and apples, are most practical. These designs will live forever, like the music of Mozart. You can't design a better, more functional pipe."

It is when pipe designs leave the traditional that function suffers. Vesz finds the popularity of asymmetrically-bowled freehand pipes disturbing. "Most are different, unbelievably ugly and unfunctional pipes. Pipemakers started freehands as a way to get rid of flaws in the wood without sacrificing the block. By nature briar is full of imperfections: blemishes and flaws and cracks and holes.

"And as you work on the wood, these flaws are constantly showing up. But to get rid of the flaw, they might end up with one side of the bowl a half inch thick and the other a sixteenth of an inch thick. So the flaw would be gone, but the function of the pipe would be gone too, because the heat of the pipe always dispenses on the weak side of the bowl. So that pipe will eventually burn out on that side; it will crack. Not in every case, but I've seen hundreds and hundreds of them."

Vesz makes freehands himself, but only with consistent wood thickness around the bowl. "Unless I get a special order," he adds. "But even then I try to talk the customer out of ordering a pipe with uneven bowl thickness. And almost always, when someone insists and I make a pipe like that, I find out the customer after a while becomes unhappy with it."

The function of a pipe is simple, but requires certain minimal constraints in its use. "A pipe is a furnace," says Vesz, "yet it has to smoke cool and it has to last. Pipes are built for a lifetime—if properly smoked, under normal conditions. I mean not in a sailboat or on a golf course or even walking your dog when it's 10 below outside. The briar wouldn't stand that beating; eventually it would crack or burn up. The objective is to experience the flavor of your tobacco, like with cigars or cognac or food. So it has to be smoked in normal conditions, not where the heat builds up and ruins the flavor."

Vesz blames the crushing advance of more and more smoking regulations for making it difficult for pipe smokers to enjoy optimum smoking conditions. Smoking in the workplace is now almost universally prohibited, forcing smokers into the cold outdoors, dramatically curtailing their smoking.

Vesz grows animated, and his accent becomes brittle and clipped as he enters this subject. He worries that pipe smokers will give up.

"They are prevented from smoking in the workplace, or even any public place, we are coming to that. They will have to smoke only at home, if the concept doesn't die—and to me it's in great danger. Not of total extinction, but a tremendous decline. I've seen, in the last eight or nine years, at least a 70 percent decline in pipe smoking. Young people are not picking it up. Maybe there's some spinoff from cigar smoking, but even that is now under attack. Last Friday Barbara Walters and Hugh Downs

aired a story on "20-20," with doctors agreeing that cigar smoking is more dangerous than cigarette smoking because of increased smoke and carbon monoxide. And the government is falling over itself to limit smoking because of stories like that.

"In Hungary I lived under the Nazis, and then the Communists, and I was put in jail for saying communism wouldn't work. Then I came here, I built my business with good intentions, and suddenly the government declares I am in a dangerous business and they come up with regulations and bylaws, and the most devastating thing of all is the taxation on tobacco." His voice is growing louder, his words coming faster.

"A pound of tobacco is now $148! My customers can drive to Buffalo, an hour from here, and buy it for 18 bucks. Eighteen bucks, how can I stay in business like this?

"Mr. Bouchard, who was Minister of Health, said 'I will tax them out of smoking.' This is what really frightens me; their behavior reminds me of Hungary during World War II, except here it is quietly and gentlemanly legislated into law. It is called civilized here, but the result is the same."

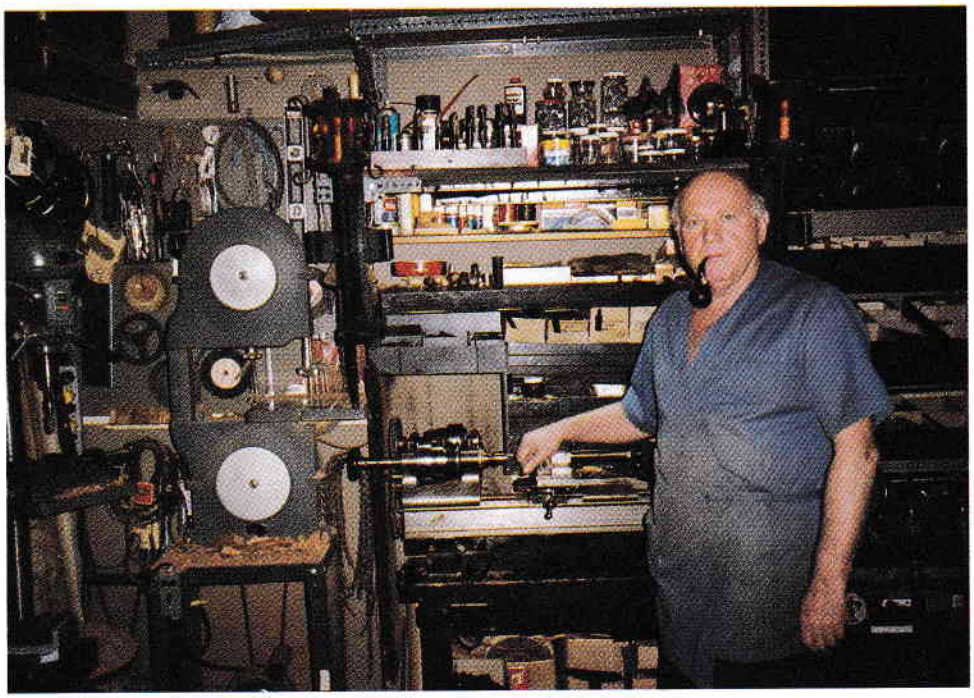
Vesz takes a deep breath. He leans back, shakes his head and sighs. "This is an international hotel," he says. "People come here from all over the world, and they are amazed that they can't smoke here. You can't smoke anywhere in this hotel.

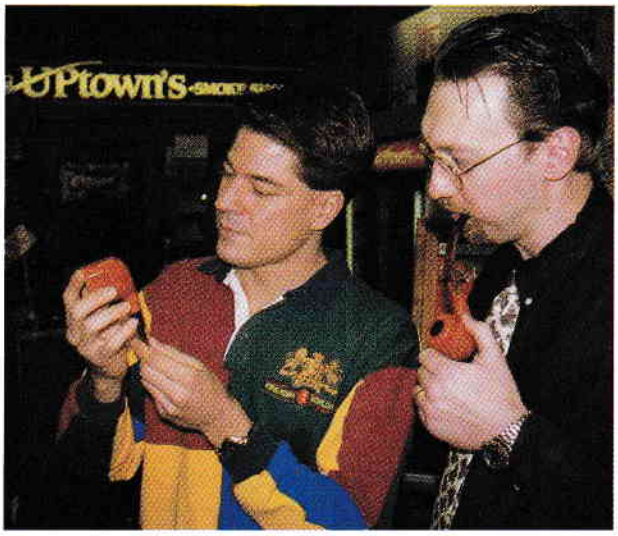
"So the way I see it, I am experiencing this oppression for the third time in my life. First under the Nazis, then under the Communists, and now, unbelievably, under a democracy. I could never believe it would happen again in my lifetime—to experience this in a free democratic Canada is incredible.

"There are problems with this democracy. Democracy is still the best form of government in the world, but there are loopholes and obstacles that can make it infuriating. It's crazy."

Vesz even had a lawyer draft a letter for him. He enumerated his concerns over the unfair taxation of tobacco, and sent it to the Minister of Finance in Ottawa. "I reminded him that I was a Conservative party supporter, and a financial contributor. I told him that taxation was destroying my business." ▶

The "backroom" of the shop is an unimaginable combination of museum and workshop. When you enter the room and face its length, you are greeted by the center picture above. To the left is an island containing buffing wheels and some of Vesz's grandfather's tools. Beyond this is a workbench where much of the handwork is done. To the right is a desk with many pictures and some of his grandfather's pipes. At the opposite end of the room from the center picture above are the tools used to make pipes.





Uptown's Smoke Shop in Nashville is the only source for Vesz pipes in the U.S. Manager Keith Moore looks on as customer Todd Goldberry admires one of Vesz's masterpieces, taken from the display above. "We received 28 Vesz pipes last Friday," reports Moore, "and by Monday we had only six left."

An expression of disgust washes over his face. "They wrote back, told me I was a victim of circumstance. Every time governments make regulations, they said, people suffer. That's it, that's all they offered me. In other words, they told me to take a hike. They just didn't care. I'm telling you, things are just going to get worse and worse."

Although his tobacco sales have been hurt, Vesz has made up for it in an unusual sideline: miniature soldiers. Beautifully detailed miniature armies are displayed throughout the shop.

"It was just a lucky accident," Vesz says. "I ran into a fellow who wanted to try selling them through here, and I had the room. Now I'm one of the biggest distributors of military miniatures. If not for them, and if my pipes weren't doing so well, I'd be out of business."

But Vesz pipes are selling very well. They are irresistible smoking instruments because, says Vesz, "they function. They work. Function is all-important." And secondly, they sell "because the materials are the very best. Deadroot briar is the best."

Vesz has a terrific supply of excellent deadroot briar, which has been unavailable to manufacturers in quantity, he says, for about 17 years. His briar supply is part of what makes Vesz pipes so popular.

"Deadroot briar has been dead in the ground for years, where it is cured by nature, where it is hidden from insects and fire. But it just isn't obtainable anymore. The whole industry is now using green wood—wood that is taken out of the ground alive. So if you've started smoking a pipe within the last 10 or 15 years, you haven't experienced deadroot briar, unless you have some old estate pipes. People are amazed when they try my deadroot pipes; they say, 'This is great. What is this?'"

Still, Vesz's supply of deadroot is not inexhaustible. Indeed, it is astonishing that he is still working with a 17-year-old supply of briar. That reserve was an investment he made knowing that the supply would terminate.

"Every time I could put together a few thousand dollars, I would get more deadroot and warehouse it. It seemed at the time to be a better investment than anything else, and I was right." With most of his supply already fraised, however—with the bowls already shaped—he is now limited to about 25 styles, with some leeway for freehands. Still, he sees no real supply problem for the foreseeable future. "Supply is no problem," he repeats, "government interference is the problem."

Vesz is undeniably bitter on the subject of government regulation of tobacco. He returns to it again and again in conversation, and his voice takes on an edge of resentment and hostility each time. Frustration, unreasonable legislation, and the deleterious media publicity suffered by the tobacco industry have caused Vesz to consider giving up the business on occasion—but he always remembers his love of pipemaking, and determines to stay with it until it's time to retire. And he figures he has just enough deadroot briar stockpiled. What he has is "enough to last my lifetime." *P&T*

Vesz Nomenclature

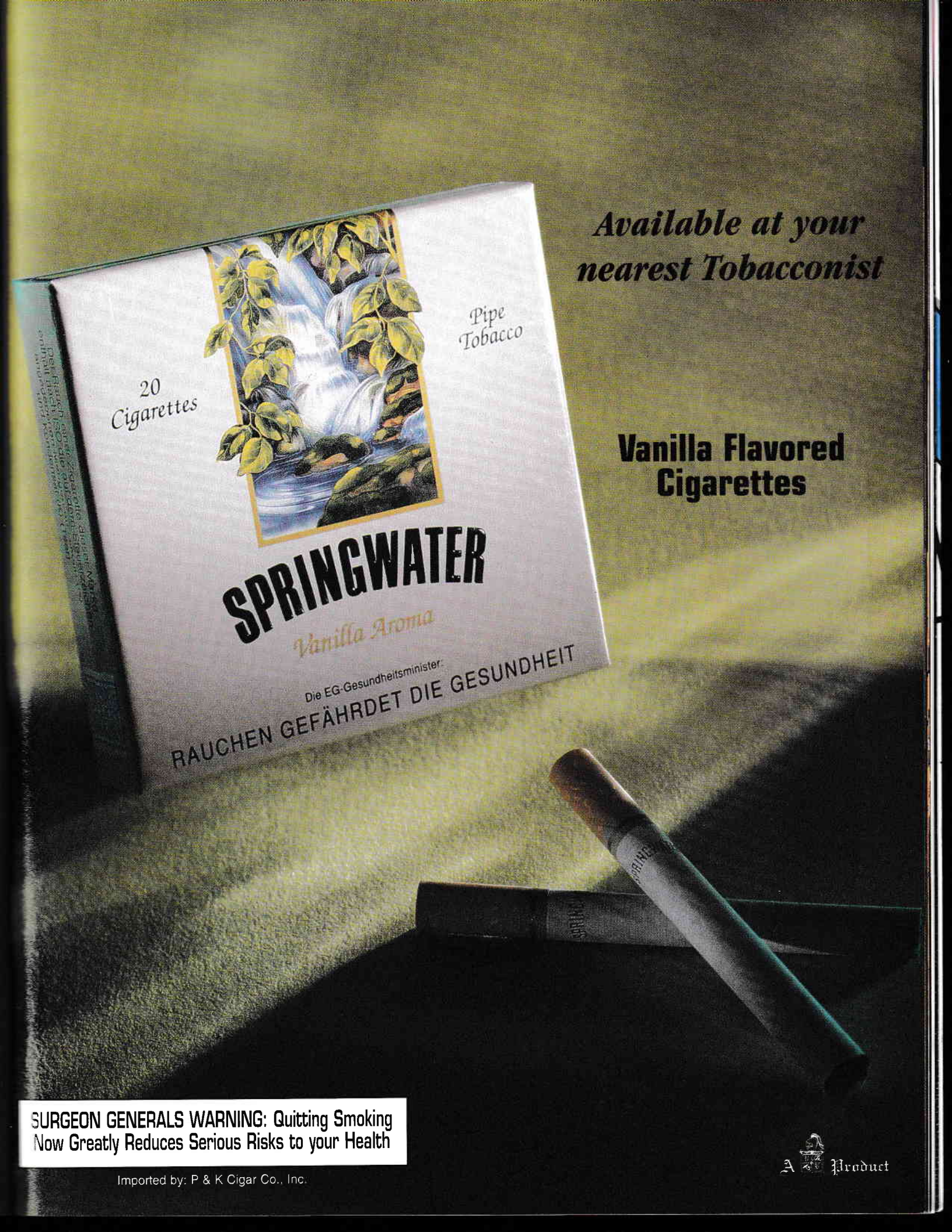
Julius Vesz pipes come in five standard finishes: Dark Shell, Tan Shell, Walnut, Tan Smooth and Ox Blood.

There are three levels in the nomenclature. Pipes stamped "Hand Made" are numbered ① through ④. They are turned on a lathe and finished by hand, and range in price from $60 to $300.

Pipes stamped "Hand Cut" are made entirely from scratch, with the more than 100 separate assembly procedures each completed by hand. They are numbered from ② to ⑨, and range from $200 to $1,225.

Vesz's top-of-the-line pipes are also stamped "Hand Cut," but are marked with Ⓐ through Ⓘ, and range from $1,360 to $10,000.

Extras, such as silver and gold metalwork, hand-cut red rosin stems, and the engraved name of the owner may be added at additional cost.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Tampa Bay Pipe Club
Meeting days vary, but are held during the last week of each month, after store hours at The Tobacconist, 119 Bullard Parkway, Temple Terrace, Florida 33617. The March meeting will feature a display and talk by noted pipemaker, Randy Wiley. For further information, contact John Sabia, 813.989.3133.

South Florida Briar Brotherhood
Meeting locations vary, but are scheduled for the third Thursday of every month in Coral Springs, Florida. Contact Ed Faerman at *emfl@cris.com.*

Triangle Area Pipe Club
Monthly dinner meetings, alternating between Raleigh and Durham, North Carolina. For further information, call Chuck Stanion, 919.872.5040, or fax 919.876.6531.

To have your club listed in P&T, *please send pertinent information to* Pipes and tobaccos, *3000 Highwoods Blvd., Suite 300, Raleigh, North Carolina 27604-1029.*

Dallas/Fort Worth Pipe Smokers Club
This club meets at 7:30 p.m. on the third Wednesday of every month at the Londoner Tavern, 4291 Belt Line Road, Addison, Texas. Contact Ed Price, *epr065@airmail.net.*

New York Pipe Club
5th Annual Pipe Convention, March 8, 1997. For pipe smokers, traders, collectors, retailers and pipemakers. Ramada Hotel, Newark International Airport, 800.223.8285. Special room rates available for convention attendees.

Indiana Pipe/Tobacco and Cigar Aficionado Club
A new organization, IPTCAC will offer a quarterly newsletter and plans to schedule two shows a year. Dues are $15 per year. For further information, contact Gary Stone or Tony Rairden. Phone: 317.642.7784; fax: 317.642.0227; address: P.O. Box 2368, Anderson, Indiana 46018-2368.

Chicagoland Pipe Collectors Club
1997 International Pipe Show, April 19-20, 1997. Ramada Inn, Harvey, Illinois. Over 150 tables of exhibitors, collectors and dealers in antique pipes, briar pipes, tobacciana, cigars and tobaccos. For more information, call Frank P. Burla at 630.961.0156.

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Oriental

Leaves "as small as the ears of a lamb" give pipe tobacco blends a unique flavor

by Chris Glass

On a cool day in early February, Mahmet Ali Aacan climbs in the passenger seat of an ancient, rusting pickup truck. Nearly a dozen other Turkish tobacco farmers—short, stout men, most with dark hair, olive skin and thick mustaches—pile in the back.

The nimble ones manage to find spots on the floor, while others hang along the back and sides, using a sagging bumper and dents over the wheels as footholds.

With Aacan's son Mustafa at the wheel, they drive down the mountain road, winding past pine trees and olive groves. An early morning rain has left a thin layer of water on the ground, and Aacan squints at the sun reflecting off the damp asphalt.

It will take about an hour to reach Akhisar, where the farmers will sell their tobacco. On the way, they smoke filterless cigarettes and boast about how much money they will get for their crops.

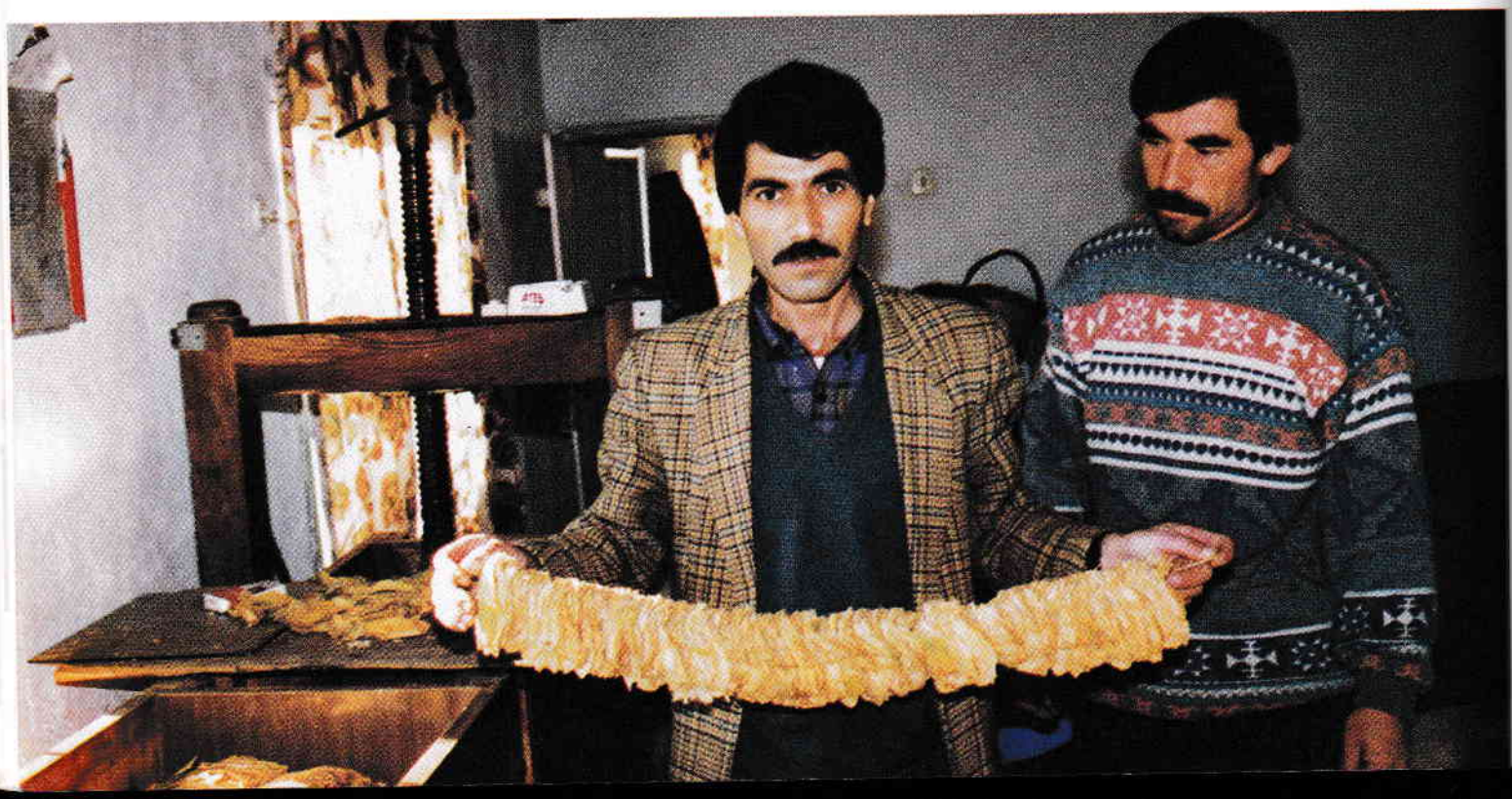
Actually, they already have an idea. Local leaf dealers—companies that buy tobacco from farmers, then manipulate and ferment it before selling it to manufacturers—have visited each commercial tobacco-producing village in Turkey, all 4,695 of them, and graded every bale of leaf.

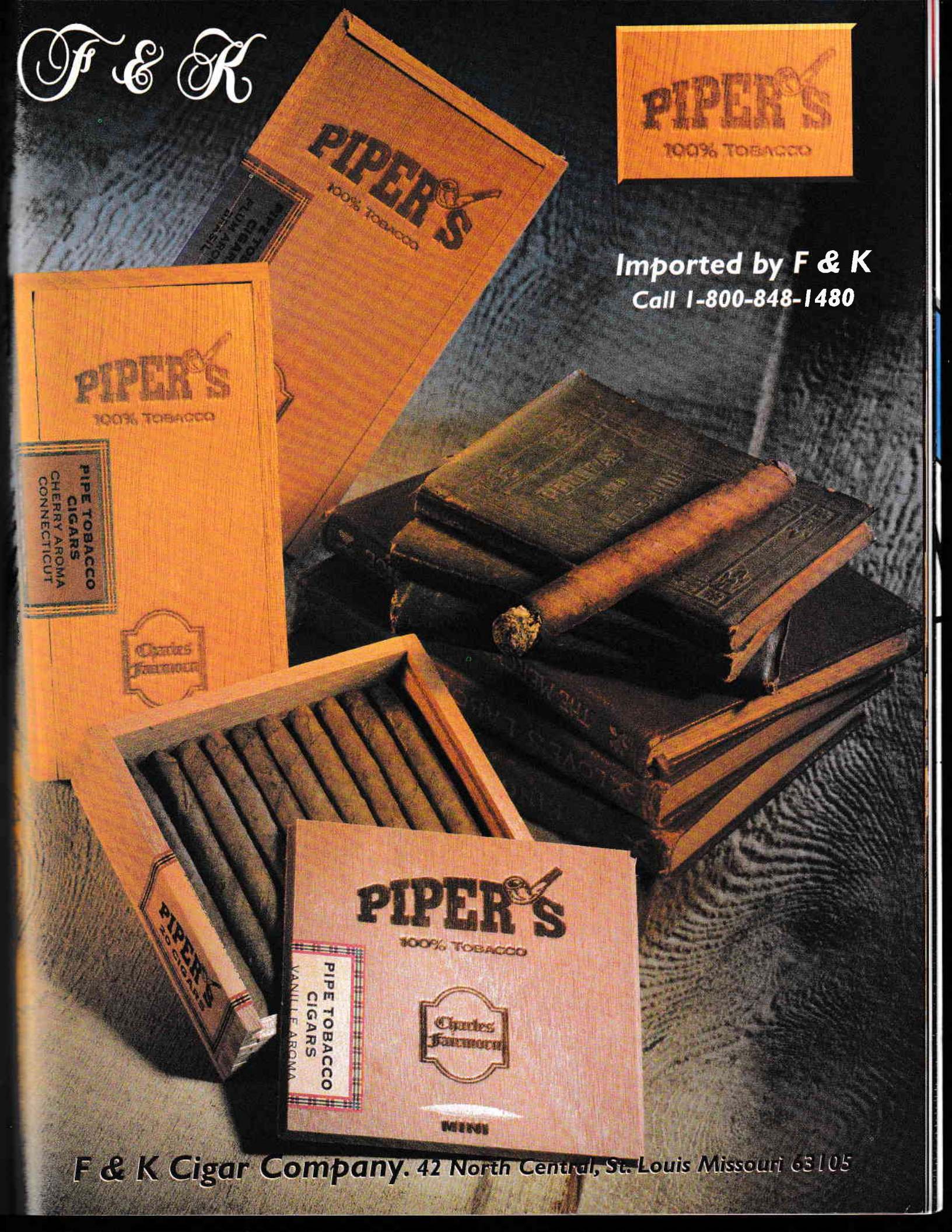
Farmers in Turkey grow oriental tobacco, an aromatic leaf that sweetens and mellows harsher styles of tobacco. It gives blends a pleasant smell. For these reasons, it is included in many pipe tobacco blends.

Greece, Bulgaria, the former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia and other Balkan countries also grow oriental, but Turkey tops them all. In 1995, Turkey produced 229 million kilos of oriental out of 514 million kilos worldwide.

Oriental doesn't require premium real estate. It grows on hillsides, on the tops of mountains, in valleys, often in areas

Bayram Akyol, accompanied by co-worker Mehmet Ugar, pauses to display oriental leaves dried on a string before they are baled in the press on the left.

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The mayor of the village of Malkoca and his grandson "inspect" a bale of oriental tobacco.

where nothing else will grow.

"A gently sloping field is ideal for oriental tobacco," says Noyan K. Gurel, director and general manager of leaf merchant company Sunel Ticaret. "It protects the plants from wind. Poor, sandy soil is fine because it provides good drainage if it rains."

Oriental tobacco needs a little rain right after transplanting to help the roots take hold, but after that "one drop is too much," says Ali Borovali, general manager, Anadolu Frana Tutun Ticaret, another leaf dealer.

Hot, sunny days are the recipe for good oriental. That's why it grows in arid regions of the world, like the Balkans. "Rainwater goes to the roots and gets sucked into the plant, which becomes bigger and too muscular," Borovali says.

"We want to starve the plant," Gurel states.

The biggest leaves from an oriental plant are 3 to 4 inches long. "That's the definition of it, as far as U.S. Customs is concerned," Gurel says.

"We have a saying in Turkey [about oriental]: *Kuzu kulagi*," Borovali states. "It means, 'As small as the ears of a lamb.' With flue-cured and burley tobacco, you do what you can to have big leaves. Here, we do our best to have small leaves."

Aacan knows all this. He says he's been farming for more than 50 years, but he's not including his childhood. Aacan learned the trade from his father.

Bayram Akyol, another grower in a village close to Akhisar, says he's been farming "since birth." His father and grandfather grew oriental.

"There's nothing else to do," Akyol states. "We must grow tobacco."

"It's like military service," his leaf-growing friend Mehmet Ugar jokes. "It's compulsory." Tobacco farming is a family business in Turkey. Everyone gets involved—husbands, wives, sons, daughters, in-laws, grandchildren. Neighbors help each other, too. All of those hands are needed—oriental is a labor-intensive crop and its production hasn't changed much in decades.

Sometime around January or February, depending on the climate of the growing area, farmers prepare seed beds. The seedlings grow for about two months before they are transplanted by hand into the fields. Larger farms can afford to use a semi-automatic planter with a tractor.

The plants are about 2 to 3 feet high when mature. Harvesting begins as soon as the leaves start to ripen and lasts for four or five months. Picked by hand in four sessions according to stalk position, the tiny leaves are taken to a shelter and arranged on a dirt floor in a pattern that looks like a rosebud.

This makes it easier to string the leaves together for curing. Farmers thread anywhere from 500 to 1,500 leaves with a 10-inch flat needle on a string to form a garland.

For tobacco grown in the Aegean region, the garlands are stretched out on bamboo poles and suspended on a wire rack. The sun dries them for a few days, with farmers turning the poles so the air moves freely between the leaves. The color of the leaves changes to light brown.

Garlands are placed into presses to make bales, which weigh between 120 and 135 pounds. These are stitched with burlap around three sides to hold them together. A typical family will produce eight to 15 bales, or between 1,000 and 2,000 pounds. In comparison, U.S. producers of flue-cured tobacco produce 2,000 or more pounds of tobacco on one acre.

Raising oriental is grueling work, but farmers can earn a decent living with it, which is no easy trick in Turkey. "We make enough money, a little bit more than we need," Aacan says. ▶

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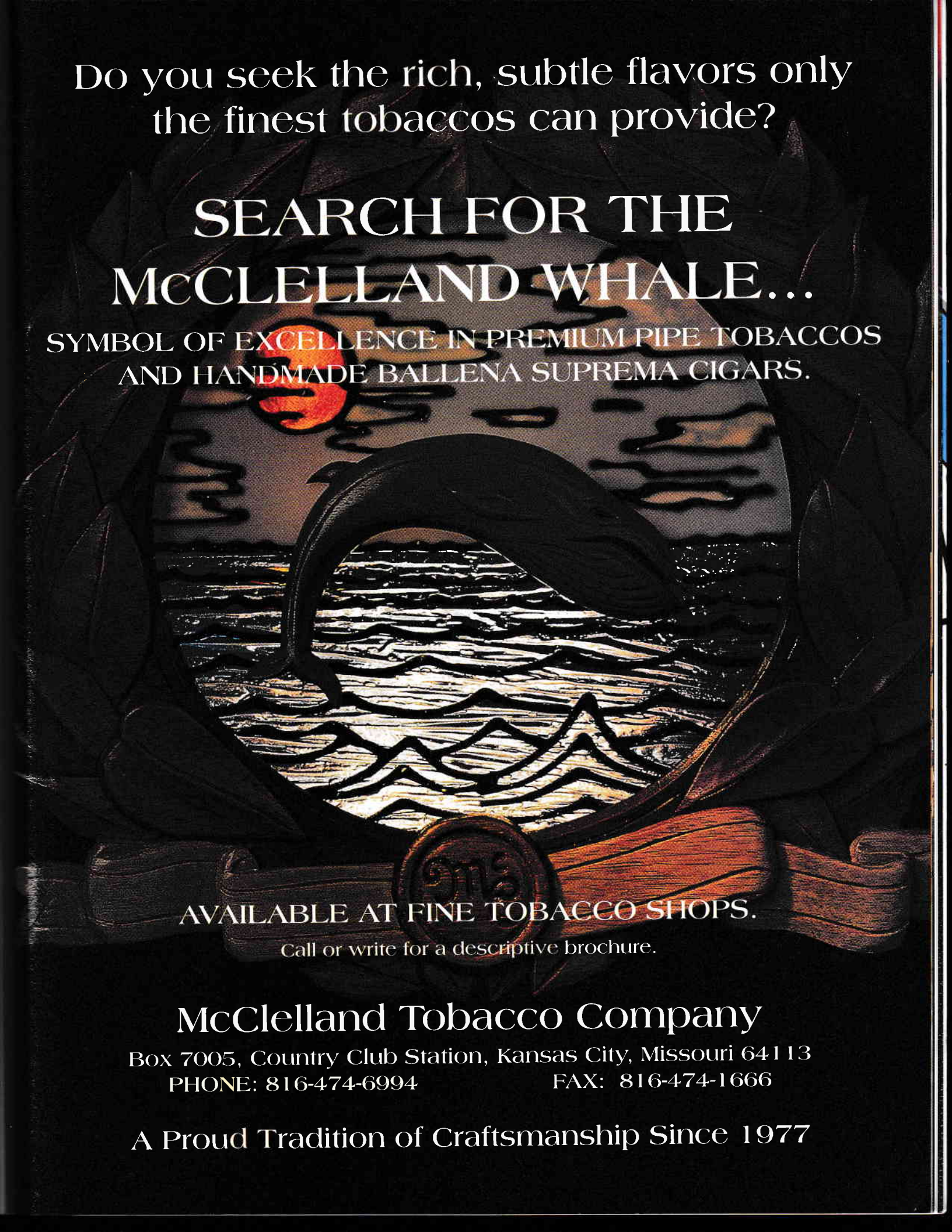

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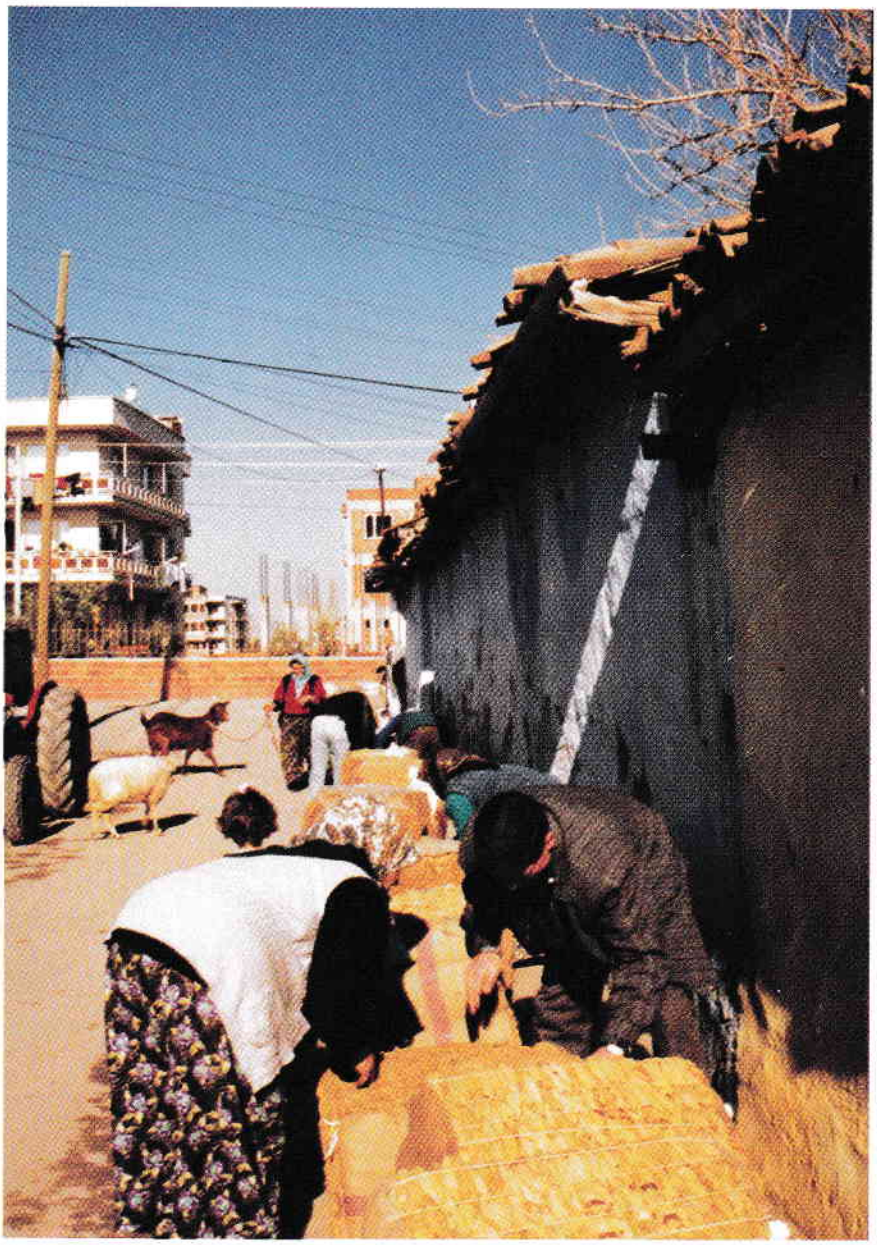

Mahmet Ali Aacan, top, needs help to carry a bale of oriental tobacco to its position against the wall where it will be graded.

Prices for tobacco have been increasing in recent years, which worries local leaf dealers. In fact, when merchants go on inspection tours and grade the bales for color, texture, aroma and other physical characteristics, they don't know how much they will have to pay for each pound.

That's up to TEKEL, the Turkish tobacco monopoly, which determines the top prices for the three grades. These prices have been rising in recent years.

Average buying prices for all grades in the villages per pound in 1993 were $1.74, $1.56 in 1994 and $1.72 in 1995. U.S. flue-cured tobacco farmers received an average of $1.84 per pound in 1996.

"In theory, dealers are free to negotiate with farmers," a local merchant says. "But TEKEL is so big, we have to follow their prices."

TEKEL buys about half of Turkey's tobacco production each year.

"TEKEL is acting in a dual role,"says Max Steinbuchel, area manager, Socotab. "It purchases tobacco for its own needs, and it is the instrument the government uses to create price supports for farmers."

With more than 500,000 families growing tobacco in Turkey, prices for cured leaf are very political. Plus, an additional 40,000 people work for TEKEL, Philip Morris subsidiary Philsa and R.J. Reynolds Tutun Sanayi.

Factoring in the extended families, that adds up to about 6 million people directly involved in tobacco in a country with a population of 60 million and an electorate of 25 million.

Turkey's coalition government sees high tobacco prices as a way to secure votes. Not surprisingly, that doesn't make leaf dealers happy.

"Four or five years ago, prices in the villages rose sky-high because of political promises before an election, which left us uncompetitive on the world market," says Johannes W. Busch, president of the board, Vertab, a leaf merchant company.

The government responded by introducing a quota system, but production didn't even reach the target level. Some growers had switched to other crops, such as tomatoes or cotton, because they were afraid they wouldn't get a good price for tobacco.

"Buyers want farmers to get a fair price," Gurel says. "If they don't get a fair price, we don't get tobacco, and manufacturers don't get tobacco. We all

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need each other in this business.

"When we see a tobacco farmer who has ripped out his tobacco and planted vines or olives, that's serious. He's not coming back."

The coalition government tries to stop crop migration by inflating prices, which also helps it remain in power by getting tobacco farmers' votes.

"By an American understanding of things, the political situation here looks funky," Busch says. "Our politicians go to bed together without really loving each other."

Three members of the staff of leaf company Sunel Ticaret, including general manager Noyan Gürel, left, and his uncle, right, establish a grade for a bale of tobacco.

When Aacan's dilapidated pickup approaches the tobacco market in Akhisar, he isn't thinking about coalitions. He *is* thinking about inflation, though. Prices in Turkey have risen around 80 percent each year for the last four years, so he needs to get the best price available just to keep pace.

Mustafa parks on the street and the farmers jump out of the truck. It's pandemonium in town, with growers traveling from miles around by tractor, truck, horse cart and bicycle to meet with leaf dealers.

The merchants are within two blocks of one another; 11 offices are clustered together on one street. On a regular day it would take three minutes to walk from one end to the other.

But not today. Hundreds of farmers are milling about, clutching grading cards they received from each merchant and their growing certificates, and trying to get into offices.

They have bars on the windows, guards at the doors—vestiges of wilder days in the Turkish tobacco market.

"When I was a kid, back in the '50s, my dad used to put on a gun, get cash from the bank and pay farmers on the spot," Gurel says. "That doesn't happen anymore."

Aacan struggles with the horde of growers. He waits outside the first office for more than 20 minutes before getting in. He hands his credentials and grading card to a representative who sits behind a desk, sipping rose hips tea.

"$1.27," he says.

Aacan thanks him, then repeats the scene 16 more times, in every leaf office. The prices are about the same—$1.22, $1.28, $1.32.

Eventually, Aacan accepts a bid approaching $1.36. That adds up to about $4,500 for his 1.7 tons. Average income in Turkey is $2,000 per year.

He and the dealer don't sign a contract. That will happen later, when the dealer picks up the tobacco. Today, a handshake closes the deal.

Aacan wades through the crowd of growers still scrambling to meet with dealers, moving toward his truck and friends. He's happy with his price and glad the market is over. Now he can buy a gift for his granddaughter and fertilizers for this year's crop. Transplanting is only six weeks away. *P&T*

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Canary Cigars

Experienced cigarmakers of this once-primary source are again turning their focus towards U.S. markets

by Pat C. West

Don Enrique Vargas, 75, (shown right) sits in a wooden chair among the workers in his family's cigar rolling workshop in the Canary Islands, deftly sorting tobacco leaves into three piles on the small worktable in front of him. The sweet aroma of freshly cured tobacco blends with the smoke of his burning cigar, laid to the side of the piles of carefully sorted leaves.

Like those of the 15 or so workers that he sits among in the workshop, the tips of his fingers are colored tobacco-brown by the thousands of leaves they touch every day. But this unassuming man isn't here just to earn a paycheck. Señor Vargas is known throughout the Canary Islands and in the Spanish mainland as the head of one of the most renowned cigar-making families in all of Europe. Juan Carlos I, the reigning king of Spain, recently appointed the Vargas family as the official supplier of cigars to the royal family. Spanish President Jose Maria Aznar Lopez also enjoys Vargas cigars, as did Winston Churchill, who once visited the Vargas factory, they say.

Don Enrique Vargas hardly pauses from his work, carefully tying each bundle of leaves with his handwritten note to designate what cigar the leaf should be used for and handing them to an employee sitting to his right.

"Señor Vargas," I say respectfully, "you have a very successful cigar business. Why don't you hire someone to do this task for you?"

"No, I like to do it," he says in Spanish. "I have always been working in the tobacco industry. My father started the tobacco business, and I have been doing it since I was 8 years old. I enjoy it!"

If anyone does, Señor Vargas embodies the devotion to the tradition of making fine handrolled cigars in the Canary Islands. This is the reason that I have traveled across six time zones—to see for myself what goes into the making of cigars in these Spanish islands in the Atlantic Ocean, 65 miles off the coast of Africa's Western Sahara.

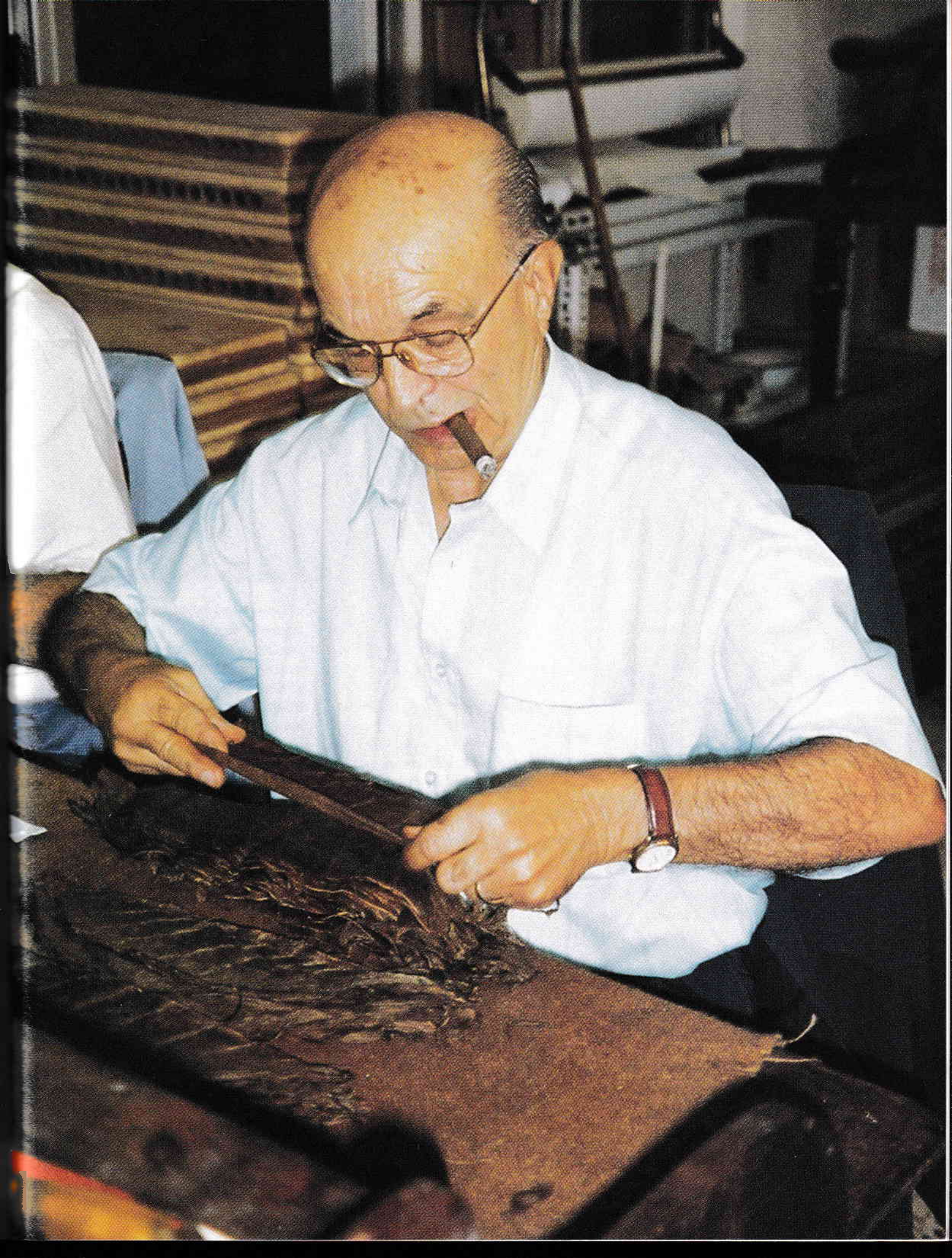
In 1977, Spain—primarily the Canary Islands—was the No. 1 supplier of premium cigars to the United States, the beneficiary of President Kennedy's embargo on Cuban cigars. It exported more than 21.4 million premium cigars to the U.S. that year. The Dominican Republic ranked sixth. In 1996, the Dominican Republic was a dominant first place with 131.7 million premium cigars exported to the U.S., while the Canary Islands are increasing rapidly, but still a distant sixth place.

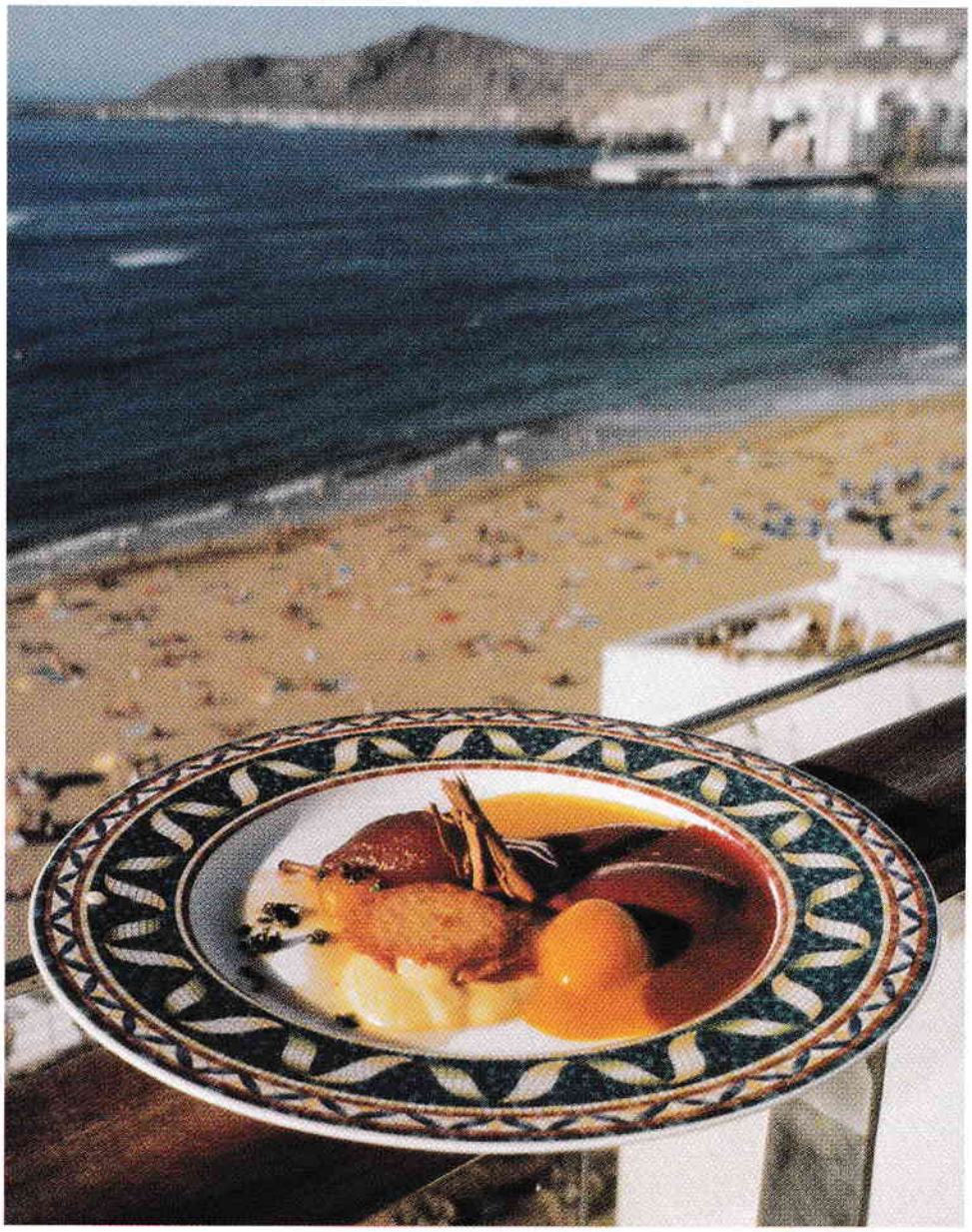
Exports of all Spanish products began to wane during the '80s because of the rise of the Spanish currency, the peseta. At the same time, the unionization of the work force increased cost of production of cigars and the Spanish government withdrew subsidies to the industry.

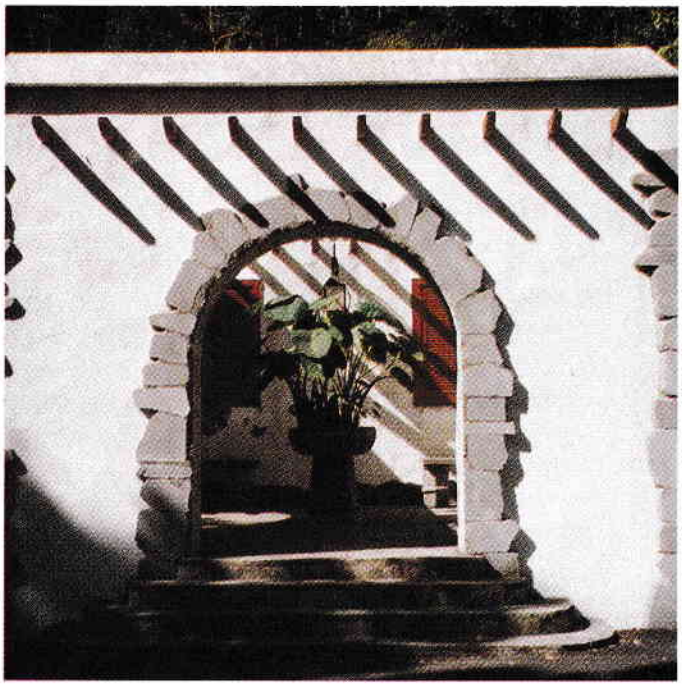
Canary Island cigars simply became too pricey for the American market.

All that has changed now. The dollar now buys more in Spanish product and the American consumer is buying more cigars—and willing to pay a premium for high quality. Last year, after hitting bottom in 1992 with zero cigars, Spain shipped 431,000 cigars to American consumers, quadrupling the previous year's exports.

Playing a major role in the resurgence of Canary Island cigars in the burgeoning American market for stogies is the Marcos Miguel Tobacco Corp., formed in January 1995 by Marcos Shuster of Dallas and Michael Weiner of Morganville, N.J. (a.k.a. Marcos and "Miguel.") The two American entrepreneurs began exporting cigars from this largely untapped source last year. Currently Marcos Miguel is







shipping about 400,000 Canary Island cigars a month to 1,400 clients in the American market.

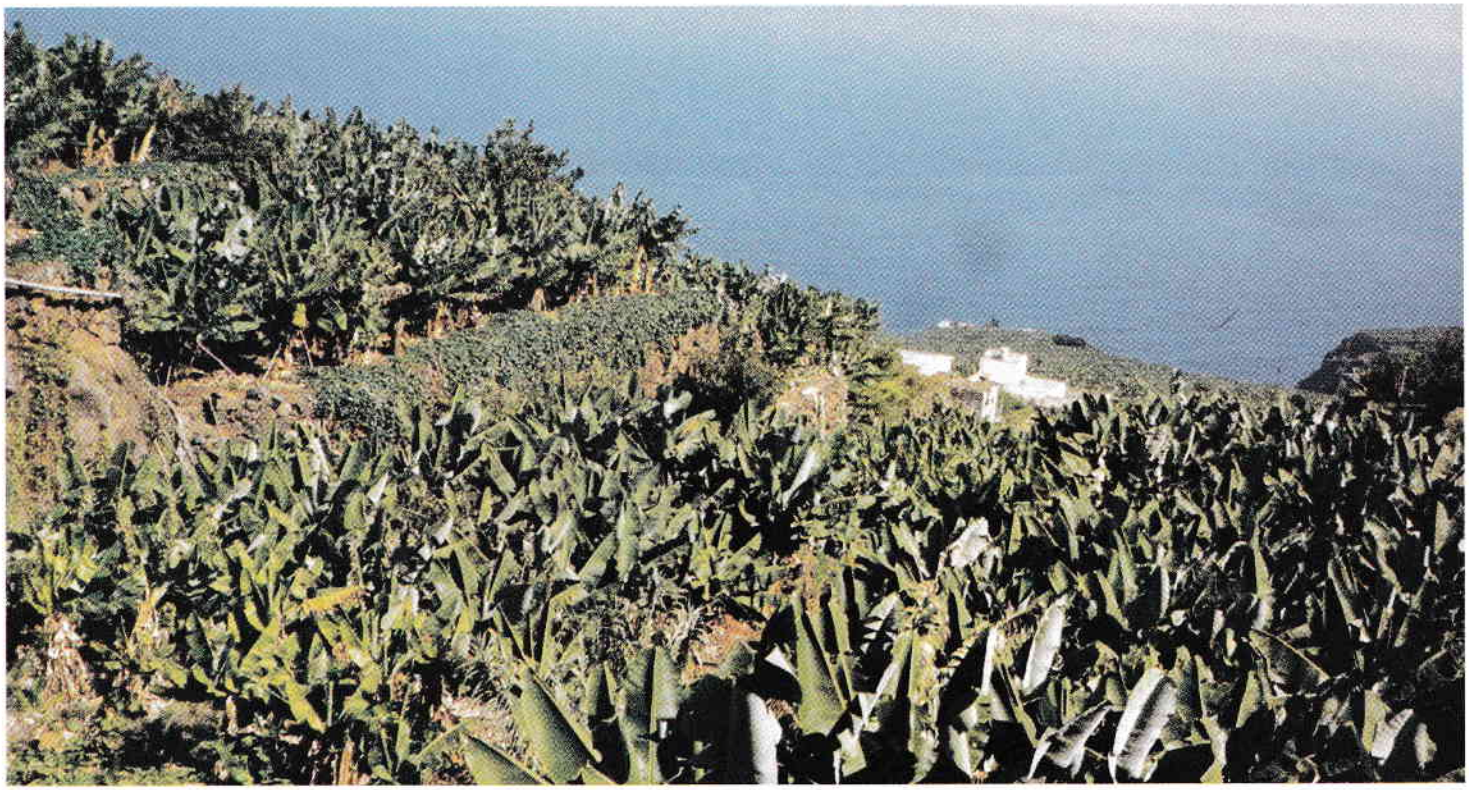
After about 18 hours of travel from the U.S. east coast, we step off the plane from Madrid onto the island of La Palma at about 1:30 in the afternoon. It is sunny, but dry, and I judge it to be about 85 degrees—unseasonably warm even for this tropical island.

Like all of the Canaries, La Palma is volcanic—a large triangular-shaped mountain jutting steeply from the Atlantic Ocean—its highest elevations piercing the clouds at more than 7,000 feet. Of the seven major islands in the Canaries (the others are Gran Canaria, Tenerife, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura, Gomera and Hierro, the tiniest), La Palma is the greenest and most fertile. It is the only island in the Canaries that has freshwater rivers and streams.

And contrary to popular wisdom, La Palma also has tobacco plantations. Although cigars are produced on many of the Canary Islands, La Palma is the only island which supports the growth of cigar tobacco.

The airport lies in a wide bay at the base of the island. As our bus begins winding around the steep cliffs toward Santa

Even though the Canary Islands are part of Spain, they have a culture uniquely their own. Even the food, like this dessert, has a taste of its own. The architecture, like the Biosphere building shown in the lower left, has a Spanish influence, however. Some of the buildings are made of what looks like cinder block, like the church, but it is really volcanic rock. Bananas, grown at the lowest elevations, are the main agricultural crop.



Cruz, Marcos boasts of the many varieties of fruit grown on the island. Bananas, which are grown at the island's lowest elevations, are the principal agricultural product, but the island also generously produces melons, oranges, limes, guavas, figs, plums and many others.

The roads we travel are steep but well-maintained, we observe. "This is not the Third World," declares Marcos proudly. "This is Europe!"

The typical home is whitewashed stucco and roofed in terra cotta tile. Not that everyone lives in a mansion here, but even the smallest homes look clean and very livable, and every one seems to have a spectacular view of the ocean.

A cornucopia of flowers perfume the air from flower boxes and well-maintained gardens that surround the homes and businesses—bougainvillea, begonias and Birds of Paradise spilling from every corner. Palm trees and orange trees add their tropical charm. As we round a curve, I am astonished by a radiant red poinsettia tree—at least 12 feet tall!

The Canary Islands were originally inhabited by aborigines, explains Juan. The Romans, who later inhabited it, gave the islands their name, dubbing them *insulae canarae*, or "islands of the dogs" for the wild dogs that roamed there. The name was later passed on to the native wild finch, which became known as the canary.

Christopher Columbus stumbled onto La Palma in September 1492, as he began his quest to discover the West Indies, and just a month before he reached Cuba. Spanish conquistadors returned and took over La Palma in May 1493.

As we walk across the cobblestone streets in the oldest part of Santa Cruz, we notice the stones are strangely black and glossy. The stone blocks that form the exterior walls at first glance look like gray cinderblocks, but they're not. Almost all construction here is hewn from the native volcanic rock—look closely into these rock walls and you can see remnants of insect and plant life extinguished by lava.

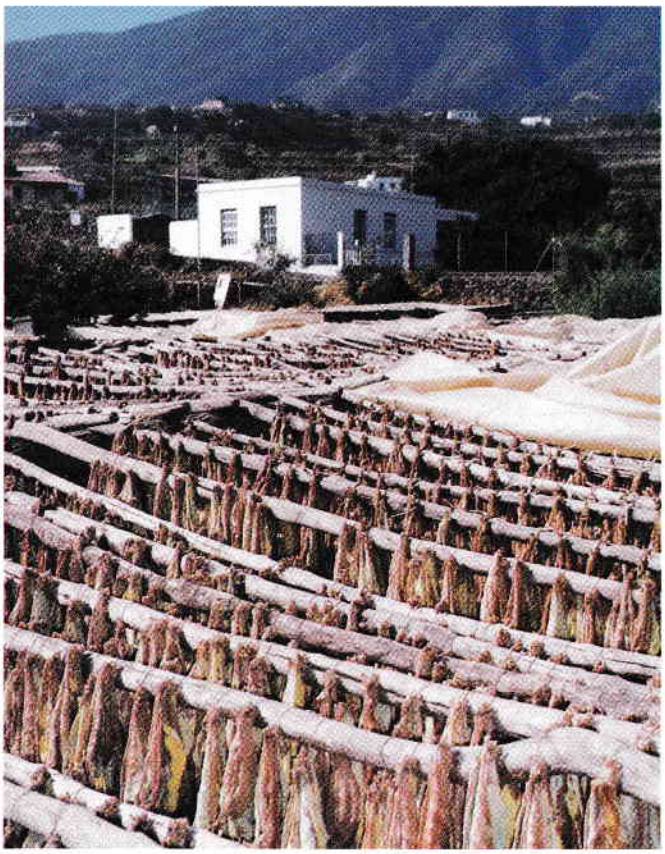
The "Palmeros" share the island with three volcanoes that remain active; the last eruption was in 1971. Wide rivers of black solidified lava pave a path down to the sea from the peaks at the southern tip of the island.

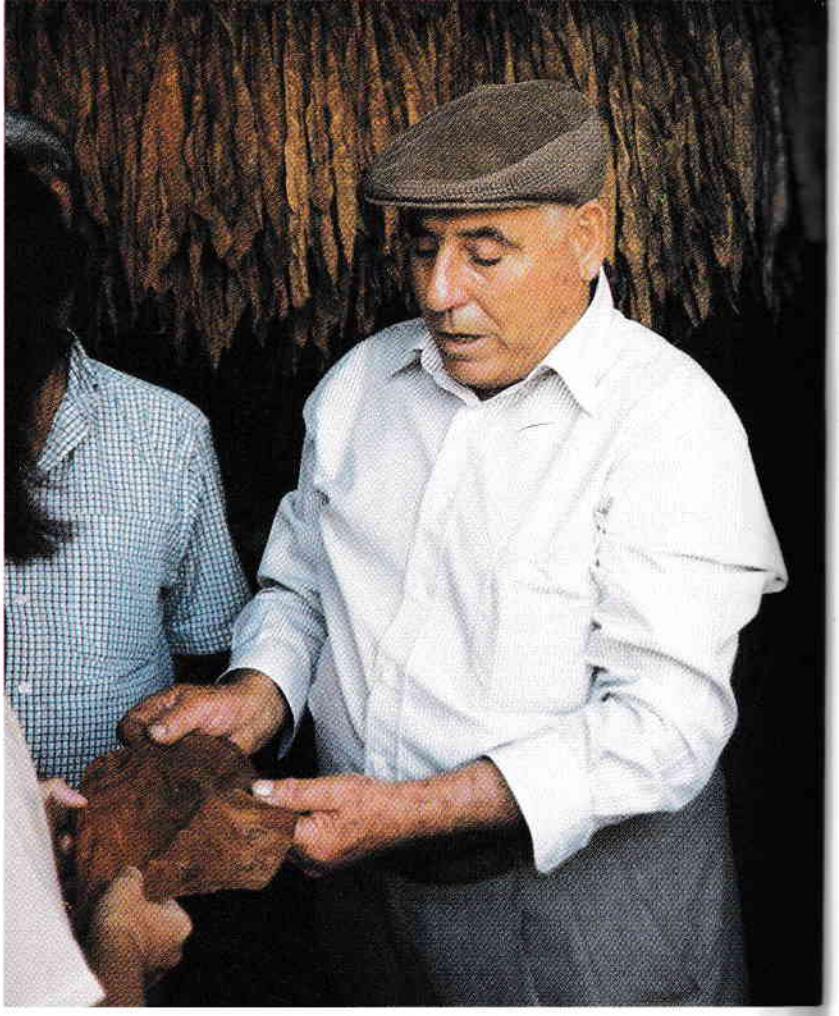
According to Luis Garcia, former general director of the Canary Island's department of industry and energy, tourism accounts for 70 percent of the island's gross national product, but the cigar industry has a long tradition on all of the Canary Islands. Spain is now the world's greatest per capita consumer of cigars, and the Canary Islands have produced the bulk of its cigars since the 17th century. About 3,000 of La Palma's 88,000 inhabitants are officially employed in the cigar-making industry, Garcia says.

There are hundreds of small cigar artisans, or "artesanos," who produce small amounts of handrolled cigars consumed locally on the islands, but only three families in La Palma and eight in all of the Canary Islands generate enough cigars to export.

To carry the title of "cigar artesano" the cigarmaker must be licensed and carry a picture ID certifying that he has passed a written knowledge test and demonstrated his skills. Señor Vargas, he notes, is the only cigarmaker in Europe with an honorary diploma; he is exempt in recognition of his more than 50 years of expertise in cigars.

On Sunday, we tour a Marcos Miguel tobacco plantation, the company's first joint venture. About 40 to 50 acres total, it is sectioned into small terraced fields separated by rock walls. Because of the sharp variations of altitudes and the various





trade winds bathing the Island, La Palma is an island of micro-climates; weather can vary sharply from one mile to the next. "Tobacco plantations here are of smaller size than those in the Caribbean and Central America," says Marcos.

All tobacco, as well as all produce, is also grown without pesticides or chemical fertilizers, he notes. Manure and natural compost are the only amendments to the soil.

Planting is in April and harvest is in October. The last of the crop was harvested two weeks before we arrived. As we overlook the empty fields, Michael explains that this plantation will grow 40 tons of filler tobacco, enough to make 500,000 cigars.

"About 60 percent of it is Sumatra Shade," he says, "but we also grow Connecticut Shade seed and Connecticut Sun seed."

From the fields, we drive down the road to *la tendata*, where freshly harvested green leaf is hung across long twigs to air-dry naturally, then covered with plastic sheets until they completely turn leathery brown; this takes about 45 days.

We follow the harvest process to the next stage, the *pilon*, or curing barn, where the tobacco cures another 40 to 45 days. A local grower, Augusto Gonzalez, opens its doors to proudly show off his barn full of curing leaves, about 5,000 kilos. "This leaf was grown from Havana seed, shipped from a center in Seville," Weiner notes.

But not all tobacco used in cigars here is locally grown. Outside the barn, Augusto gestures to the burlap sacks of imported leaf. "Santo Domingo, Brazil, Cuba, Sumatra," he says, reading off their labels. "This is the secret of each tobacconist. You must discover the mixture of the right proportion of Palmero leaf with these other tobaccos to make the perfect blend."

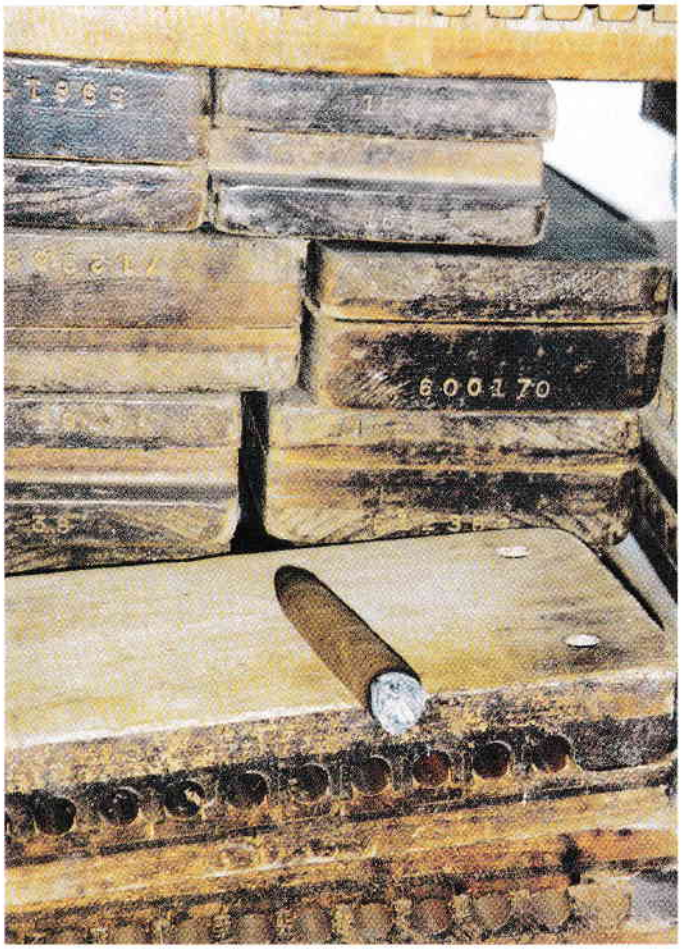
The next stop is the fermentation room, a rock-walled room in downtown Santa Cruz where last year's leaf has been fermenting, hermetically sealed, for six months. In this room with a relative humidity of 21 percent, temperatures will reach 100 degrees Fahrenheit during the fermentation. This heat physically changes the characteristics of the tobacco, releasing moisture, plant saps and ammonium nitrate from the leaves, and turns its starches into sugar, giving the tobacco its subtle sweet taste when smoked.

Augusto, seeing his harvest for the first time in six months, reaches into the five-foot-deep loaf of dark brown leaves and inspects a hand of tobacco carefully. As a final test, he presses the hand up to his nose and inhales deeply. He beams. "Excellent! The quality is better than Cuban leaf, and I have worked in Cuba!"

These leaves will be pressed into 50 to 60 one-kilo (2.2-pound) loaves to be sold to the Vargas family.

Our tour continues toward the western side of the island to visit the Caldera de Taburiente, the world's largest natural crater, a national park. To get there, we travel through a long tunnel cut through the side of the crater wall. Emerging on the other side almost a mile later, we find the landscape completely changed--palm trees, tropical flowers and steep cliffs and ravines have been replaced by a rolling valley of pine trees and more familiar vegetation.

Off in the distance, the horizon is the peaks on the crater, six miles wide. On the crater's highest peak, 7,900 feet above sea level, are the observatories of La Roque de los Muchachos, astrophysical observatories operated by a consortium of European countries. La Palma was chosen as the site for the observatory because of the exceptional clarity of its skies, hence one



La Palma is the only island in the Canaries where tobacco is grown. After harvest it is dried in the field before moving to the curing barn. Grower Augusto Gonzalez opened his barn to show tobacco grown with Cuban seed. Filler and binder tobaccos are blended and rolled, then put in forms shown on the left and pressed to obtain a perfect shape. Once the wrapper has been applied, the final step is putting on the cap, shown below.

of the island's many nicknames: *La Isla de las Estrellas* (the Island of the Stars).

After our visit to the crater, it's lunchtime. Meals in the Canary Islands, we soon learn, are very relaxed affairs. Lunch normally begins around 2 p.m. and ends around three hours later. Four to six courses are served, each one savored over conversation and wine. The island's best wines are white, but very acceptable reds are also made here. Dinner, a lighter meal, begins around 10 p.m. and we often linger around the table till past midnight.

"You talk a little; you eat a little. Then you talk and eat a little more. It's a nice way of life," observes Michael one evening. "In all the meals I've eaten here, I've never walked away from the table with heartburn, like I do in New Jersey."

On Monday morning, our tour continues at the Vargas family's cigar "factory" in downtown Santa Cruz where we will see the final stages of the cigar process. Actually, "shop" or "workshop" might be more accurate, since there is no automated machinery anywhere in sight, unless you count the television mounted near the ceiling in the cigar room. The television is the modern replacement for readers who were once hired to read from books to the cigar rollers as they worked, keeping their minds stimulated.

"Now we use a videotape; it's more efficient," says Señor Vargas' son Enrique, who takes us on the tour of the factory.

The air is perfumed both by the woodsy, ammonia-tinged odor of fresh tobacco and by the smoke of employees enjoying the company product as they work. The main sound in the room is clatter made by the rounded knife used to cut tobacco leaves, *la chavetta*, as it slaps against wooden cutting boards. Cigars in various stages are piled around the workers' tables.

Enrique takes us through the process—first to the rinsing room, where the fermented tobacco leaves are separated, shaken to remove dust and rinsed in a lemon and water bath. The leaves are then put into 11-pound bags. After one day, the stems are softened enough for women to remove them by hand ("On the laps of virgins," jokes Marcos, referring to an old Cuban saying). Three women sit in a row of chairs in front of large baskets of moist leaves. They pile leaves first on their thighs, then remove half the stem from each leaf. The de-stemmed leaves are then laid to dry on wooden pallets for 24 hours, more or less, "depending on the weather conditions," says Enrique.

"After this they go to my father and the other gentleman," says Enrique. "My father chooses the tobacco to go into the different cigars, by size and by quality." Señor Vargas is considered one of the top three in the world in blending cigars, they say.

Señor Vargas' packets of leaves are distributed to the rollers, who handroll the filler and binder into tightly rolled *tacos*. A good roller, who is paid by the cigar, can roll 500 to 700 cigars a day, a little less for the largest cigars.

One of the rollers working in the Vargas workshop, Faustino Quintero, a 62-year-old, rolls 700 cigars on a good day. He started rolling when he was 10 years old, he says, creating a bunch with a few leaves, tearing and pressing them together and—like a magician—producing a perfectly tight cylinder of tobacco wrapped in binder in seconds.

These *tacos* are pressed once in wooden molds, then rolled over and pressed again to remove any seams. Finally, the wrappers are applied and the cigars are cut, banded and boxed in cedar. All of this work is done by hand. ▶

Marcos Shuster, left, and Michael (Miguel) Weiner, right, discuss the latest batch of cigars with Juan Barreto Matos, factory manager for Monte Canario.

Vargas cigars are aged for several months in cedar-lined chests before they're ready for export.

This factory currently produces 7,000 to 8,000 handrolled cigars a day, says Enrique, but they're getting ready to move to a larger space, where they expect to produce 20,000 cigars a day.

In January, Marcos and Miguel introduced a special aged cigar in honor of Señor Vargas' 75th birthday. Called Vargas Special Reserve, only 600 boxes of these cigars per month will be distributed in the United States through 25 retail outlets, says Michael. "Each cigar is numbered and will come boxed in a black box with a black velvet liner," says Michael. "The bands bear Señor Vargas' signature and inside each box is to be a printed history of the family's cigar business, from its founding in 1925."

It's already Señor Vargas' favorite cigar. The wrapper is Palmero tobacco, he says, grown in plantations in the Caldera, where the island's best leaf is grown. He spent a month experimenting with different blends of tobaccos to achieve the perfect blend. *Experiencia*, he says, his lit cigar clenched in the corner of a knowing grin.

We leave the picturesque island of La Palma to fly to the more urban environs of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, the largest city in the Canaries. Small-town charm and twisty one- or two-lane roads are replaced by busy, four-lane highways and brightly painted highrises. The beaches are wide and fronted by wide boardwalks lined with restaurants, hotels and open-air bistros—sort of a cross between Miami and the French Riviera.

Here we visit three other makers of Marcos Miguel cigars—La Regenta, Monte Canario and Don Xavier—and find the same dedication to making the finest quality handrolled cigars—each with its own unique blend and features. Most of the tobacco used is imported, however, as there are no tobacco plantations here.

La Regenta, considered the Rolls Royce of Canary Island cigars, is made with Connecticut wrapper, Dominican binder and Dominican and Brazilian filler. Don Xavier is made with a Connecticut Shade wrapper, Brazilian/Dominican/La Palma filler and La Palma binder.

In Grand Canaria, we also tour two box factories operated by Marcos Miguel's cigar factories. The boxes for all brands of their cigars are made from cedar imported from Africa. "This is a very integral piece of the puzzle," stresses Michael as we walk amid mazes of freshly cut wooden boxes. "This assures us that there will never be cigars sitting here without boxes, which is very important."

Next year, Marcos Miguel has plans to dramatically increase its supply of Canary Island cigars to product-hungry U.S. retailers. Each of the three factories that supply Marcos Miguel now produces about 200,000 cigars a month; next year the entrepreneurs plan to double that, bringing their monthly shipment of cigars to 1.2 million per month or about 14.5 million cigars per year. That figure does not include bundled cigars, which they ship but do not advertise, or La Nubia, a handrolled La Palma cigar which Marcos Miguel has franchised to Brian Cooper of Butts & Ashes. Marcos Miguel also exports Ornelas, a handrolled cigar from Mexico.

Naturally, the governments of Spain and the Canary Islands are eager to support this growth industry. The Canary Islands currently have an unemployment rate of nearly 24 percent. The new jobs created by Marcos Miguel's enterprises are helping. The company is responsible for 26 percent of La Palma's workers, according to a government official.

"We take this seriously, absolutely seriously," says Diego Betancor Hernandez, general director of the Proexca, the Canary Islands' governmental agency that deals with the promotion of export products. "We have people who need jobs. We take it as a business, not as social welfare, but if a business helps a lot of people, it's an even nicer business."

No one seems to mind that it took an American company to orchestrate the Canary Islands' growing presence in the U.S. cigar market, Diego says.

"The best thing about Marcos Miguel is that it succeeded in putting together the people in this market," says Diego. "In Spain, we have a saying: If it's a miracle, it's the same if it's a miracle by the Devil or by God. It's still a miracle." *P&T*

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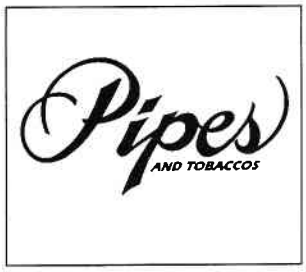
3 

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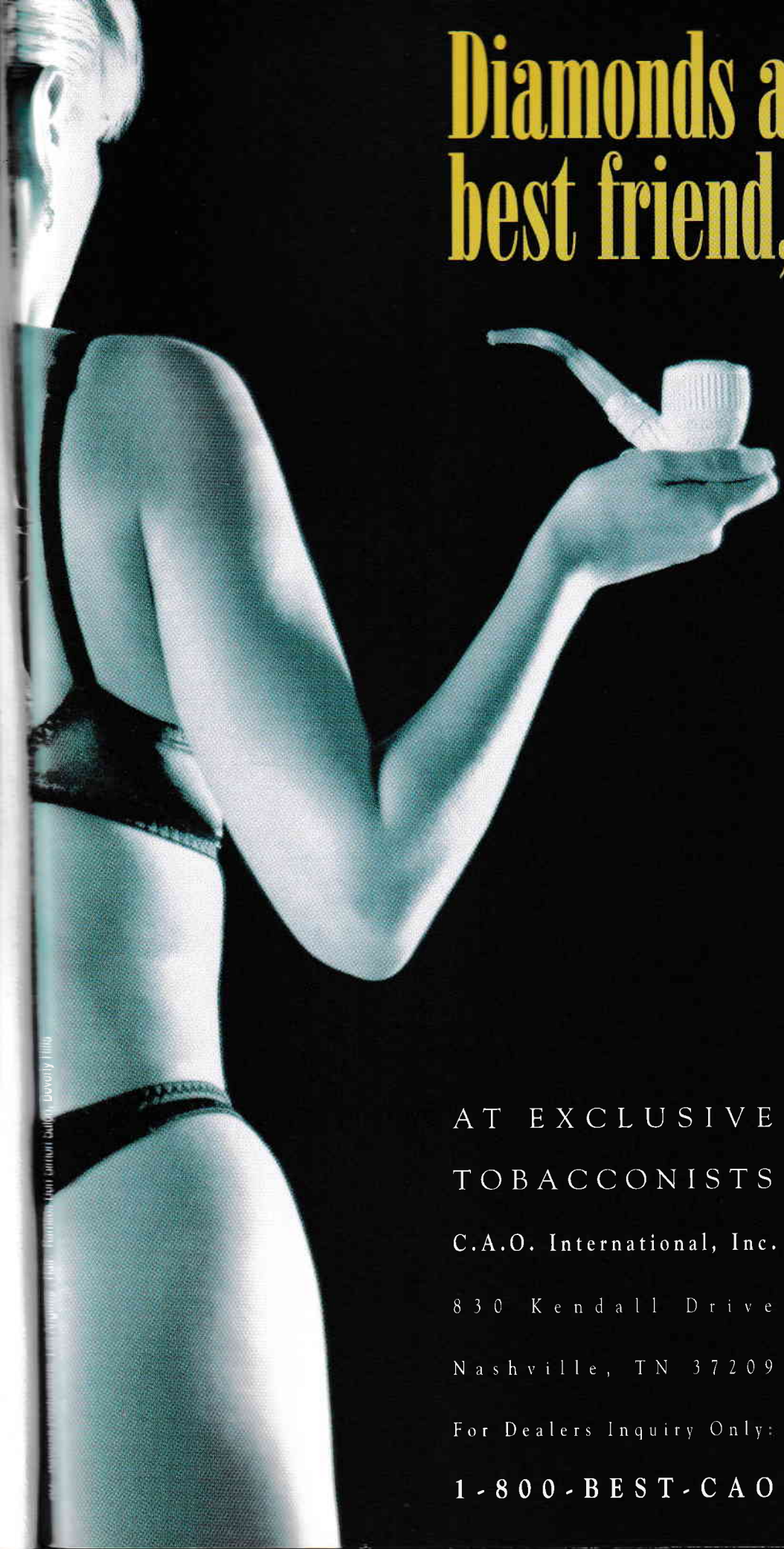

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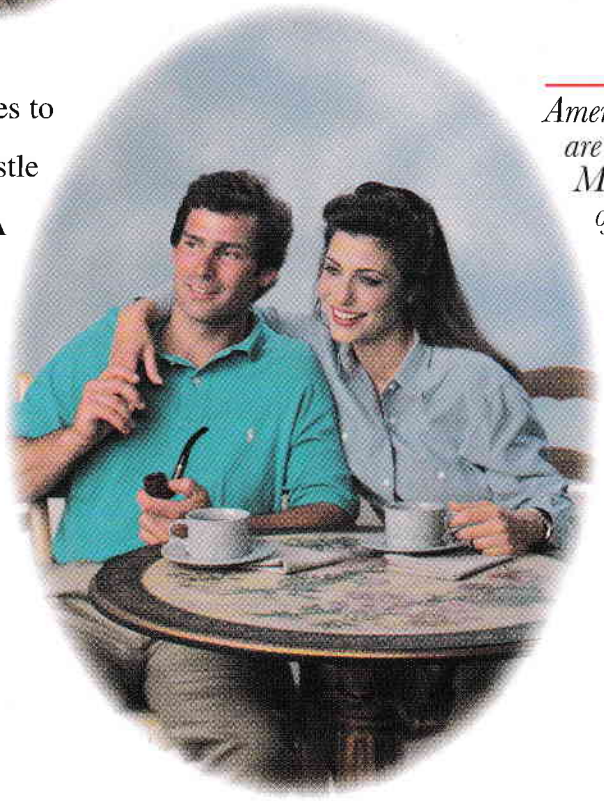

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